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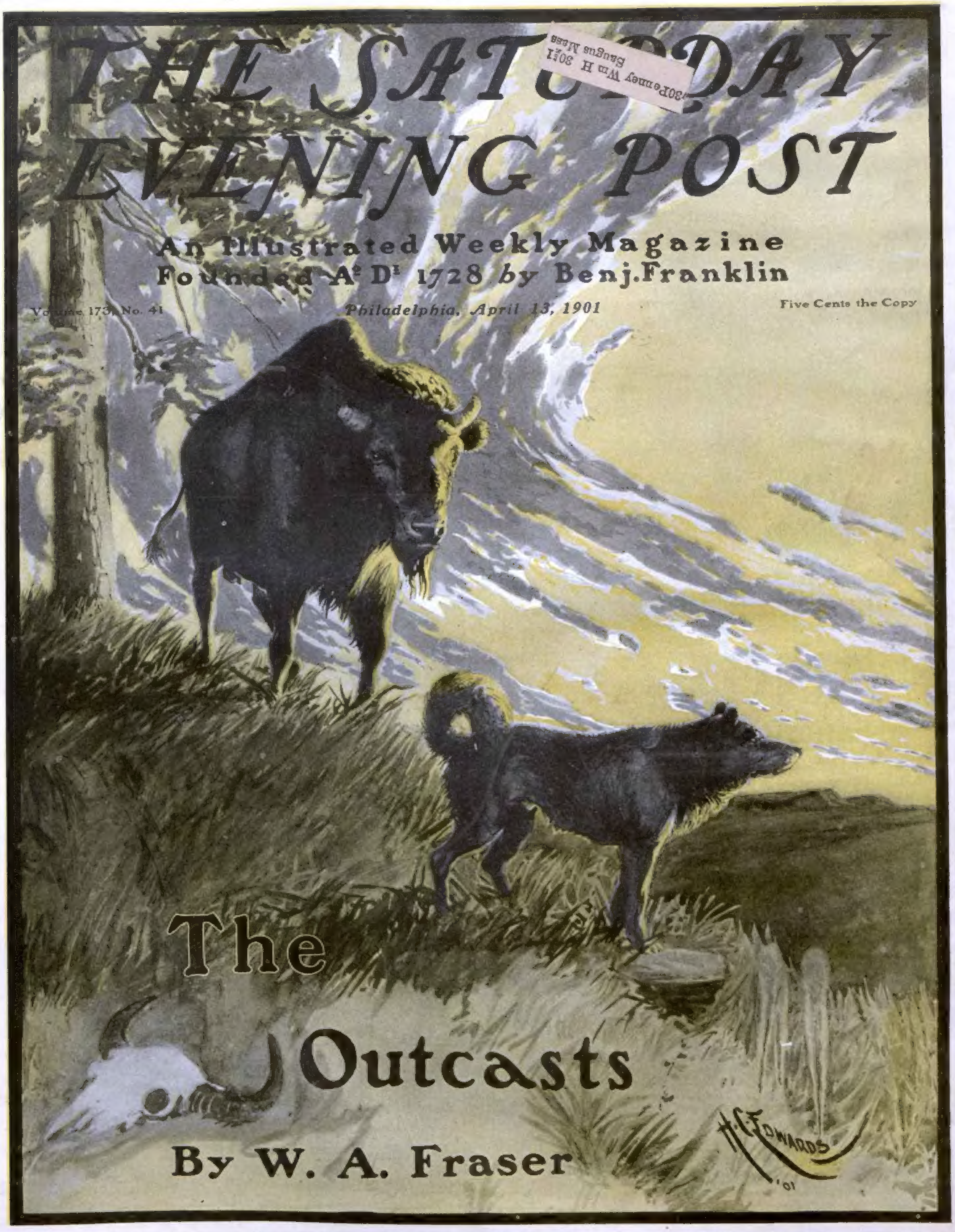

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Outcasts

By W. A. Fraser

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

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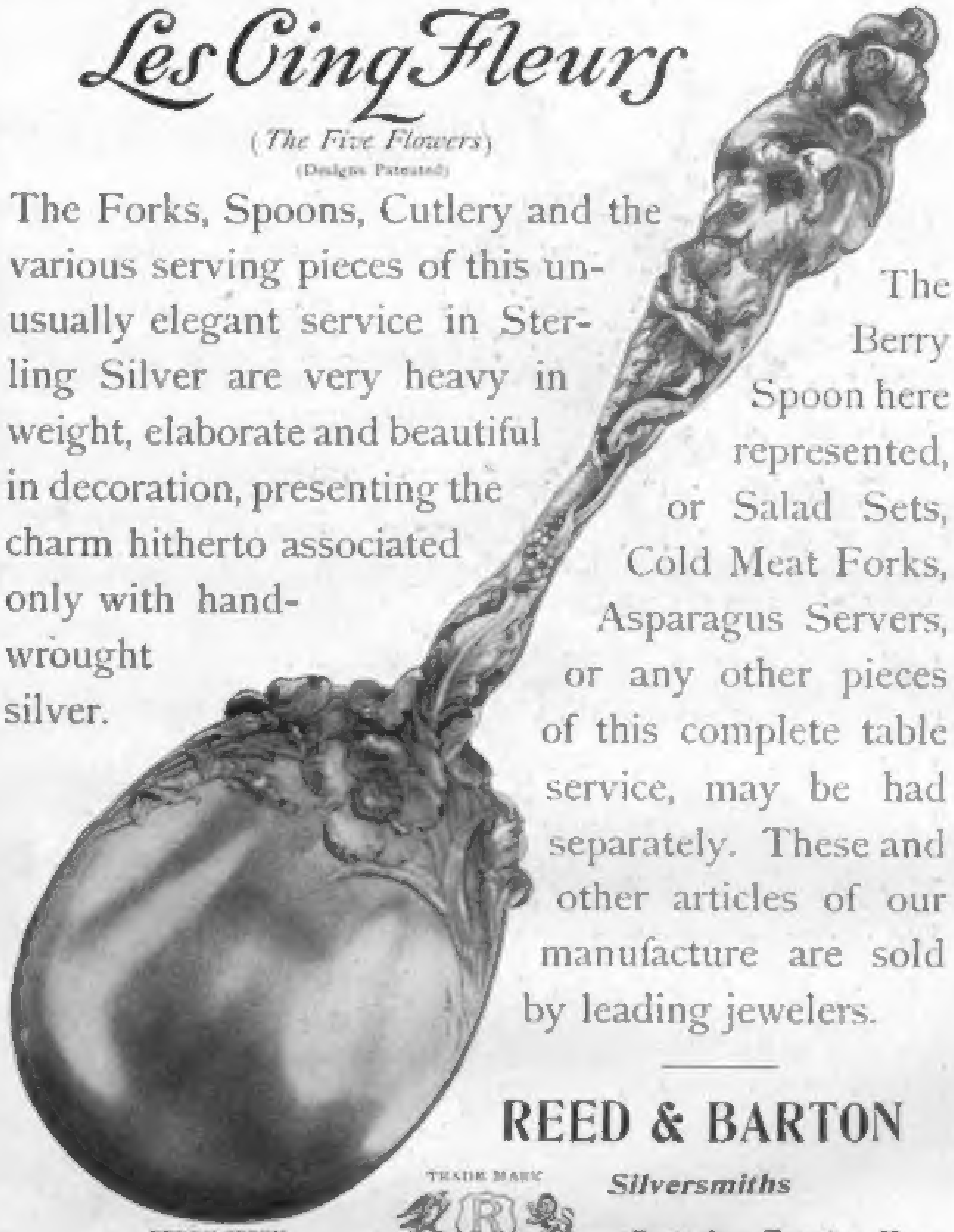
(The Five Flowers)

(Designs Patented)



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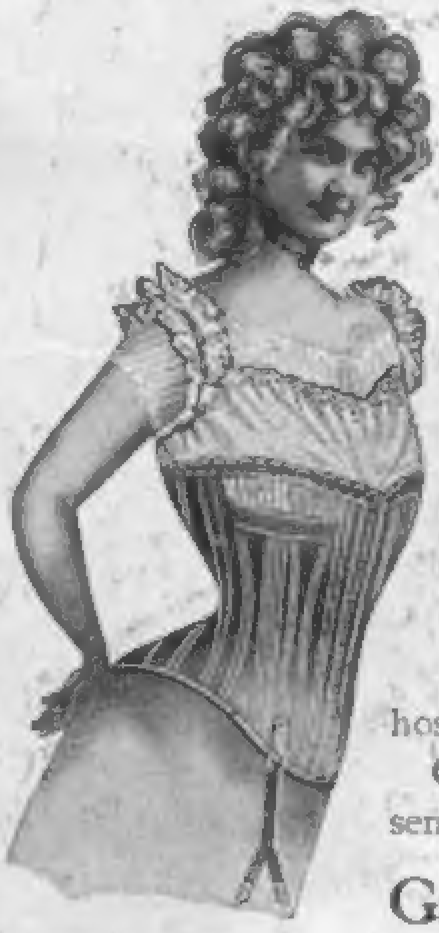

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The Outcasts

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FIRST CHAPTER

A'TIM the Outcast was half Wolf, half Huskie Dog. That meant ferocity and blood thirst on the one side, and knowledge of Man's ways on the other. Also, that he was an Outcast; for neither side of the house of his ancestry would have aught of him.

A'tim was bred in the far Northland, where the Cree Indians trail the white snow-waste with Train Dogs, and one time A'tim had pressed an unwilling shoulder to a dog collar. Now he was an outcast vagabond on the southern prairie, close to the Montana borderland.

It was September; and all day A'tim had skulked in the willow cover of Belly River flat-lands, close to the lodges of the Blood Indians.

Nothing to eat had come the way of the Dog-Wolf; only a little knowledge of something that was to happen, for he had heard things—the voices of the Indians sitting in council had slipped gently down the wind to his sharp Wolf ears.

As he crawled up the river bank close to Belly Buttes and looked across the plain, he could see the pink flush of eventide, like a fairy veil, draping the cold blue mountains—the Rockies.

"Good-night, warm Brother," he said, blinking at the setting sun; "I wonder if you are going to sleep with an empty stomach, as must A'tim."

The soft-edged shafts of gold-yellow quivered tremblingly behind the blue-gray mountains as though Sol were laughing at the address of the Outcast. The Dog-Wolf looked furtively over his shoulder at the smoke-wreathed cones of the Blood teepees. The odor of many flesh-pots tickled his nostrils until they quivered in longing desire. Buh-h-h! but he was hungry! All his life he had been hungry; only at long intervals had a gorge of much eating fallen to his lot.

"Good-night, warm Brother," he said again, turning stubbornly from the scent of flesh, and eying the crimson flush where the sun had set; "one more round of your trail and I shall sleep with a full stomach, for to-morrow the Bloods make a big Kill—the Run of many Buffalo."

A'tim, sitting on his haunches, and holding his nose high in air until his throat pipe drew straight and taut, sang: "O-o-o-o-o-h! for the blood drinking; W-a-u-g-ha! the sweet new meat—hot to the mouth!"

The Indian Dogs caught up the cry of A'tim as it floated over the Belly River and voiced it from a thousand throats.

"The Blackfeet!" screamed Eagle Shoe, rushing from his tepee. "It's only a hungry Wolf," he grunted, as he sat in the council again; "let us talk of the Buffalo Run."

That was what the Dog-Wolf had heard lying in the tangle of gray willow, close to the tepee of Eagle Shoe, the Blood Indian; and he would sleep peacefully, his hunger stayed by the morrow's prospect. As he sat yawning toward the rose sky in the West, a huge, dark form came majestically from a cleft in the buttes, and stood outlined, a towering black mass. A'tim flattened to earth as though he had been shot, looking not more than a tuft of withered bunch-grass. Then he arose as suddenly, chuckled to himself, and growled nervously: "Oh! but I got a start—it's only old Shag, the outcast Bull. Ha, ha! A'tim to fear a Buffalo! Good-evening, Brother," he exclaimed; "you quite frightened me—I thought it was that debased Long Knife, Camous."

"Thought me Camous!" bellowed the Bull, snorting indignantly; "he's but a slayer and a thief. All the Paleface Long Knives are that; killing, killing—stealing, stealing. Why, even among his own kind he is called 'Camous;' and you, who were bred in the Man camps, know what that means."

"Of course, of course—ha! most surely it means 'a stealer of things.' But I meant not to liken you to him, Brother Shag—it was only my fright; for even in my dreams I am always seeing the terrible Camous. I have cause to remember him, Shag—it was this way. Did I ever tell you?"

"Never," answered Shag heavily.

"Well, it was this way: Once upon a time, in the low hills they call Cyprus, I was stalking a herd of antelope. To tell you the truth, I had been at it for two days. Waugh! but they were wary. At last I worked within fair eyesight of them, and knowing the stupid desire they have to look close at anything that may be strange to them, I took to myself a clever plan. Lying on my back as though I were dead, I held my tail straight up, and let the wind blow it back and forth. The big-eyed Eaters-of-Grass asked one another: 'What is this new thing? Is it a plant or an animal?' That is the way they talked, I am sure, for they are like Wolf-pups, quite silly. Well, they came closer and closer and closer. E-u-h-h, e-u-h-h! but my mouth watered with the thought of their sweet meat as I lay as one dead. Now, they hadn't the knowledge to work up wind to me, but came straight for the thing they saw that moved. Would you believe it, just as I was measuring from the corner of my eye the time for a strong rush, who should creep over a hill but Camous? In fright I sprang to my feet, and away went the Goat-faced small prongs. Then the deviltry of the many-breathed Fire-stick this Camous carries came down upon me as I ran faster than I'd ever gone before. 'Click, snap! click, snap!' the quick-breathing Fire-stick coughed; and though I rocked and jumped sideways and twisted, before I could get away I had one of the breath-stings in my shoulder. E-u-h-h! but I go lame from it still."

Shag slipped a cud of sweet grass up his throat with a gurgling cough and chewed it reflectively, for he was of a slow turn of thought, not at all like the nimble-brained Dog-Wolf. Then he swallowed the cud, blew from his nostrils the sand that had come into them crossing the scant-garbed hills of Belly Buttes, and said ponderously: "Yes, I know the many-breathed Fire-stick; that's what makes the Palefaces so terrible. The plain simply reeks with the dead bodies of my people whom they have slain."

"And the bodies all poisoned, too; whur-r, whur-r! All turned into death meat for the Flesh-feeders, Dog or Wolf," snarled A'tim. "Killed for the hide—think of that, Shag—or just the tongue taken. If we make a kill it is for the eating—to still the gnawing pain that comes to us, and we waste nothing, leave nothing."

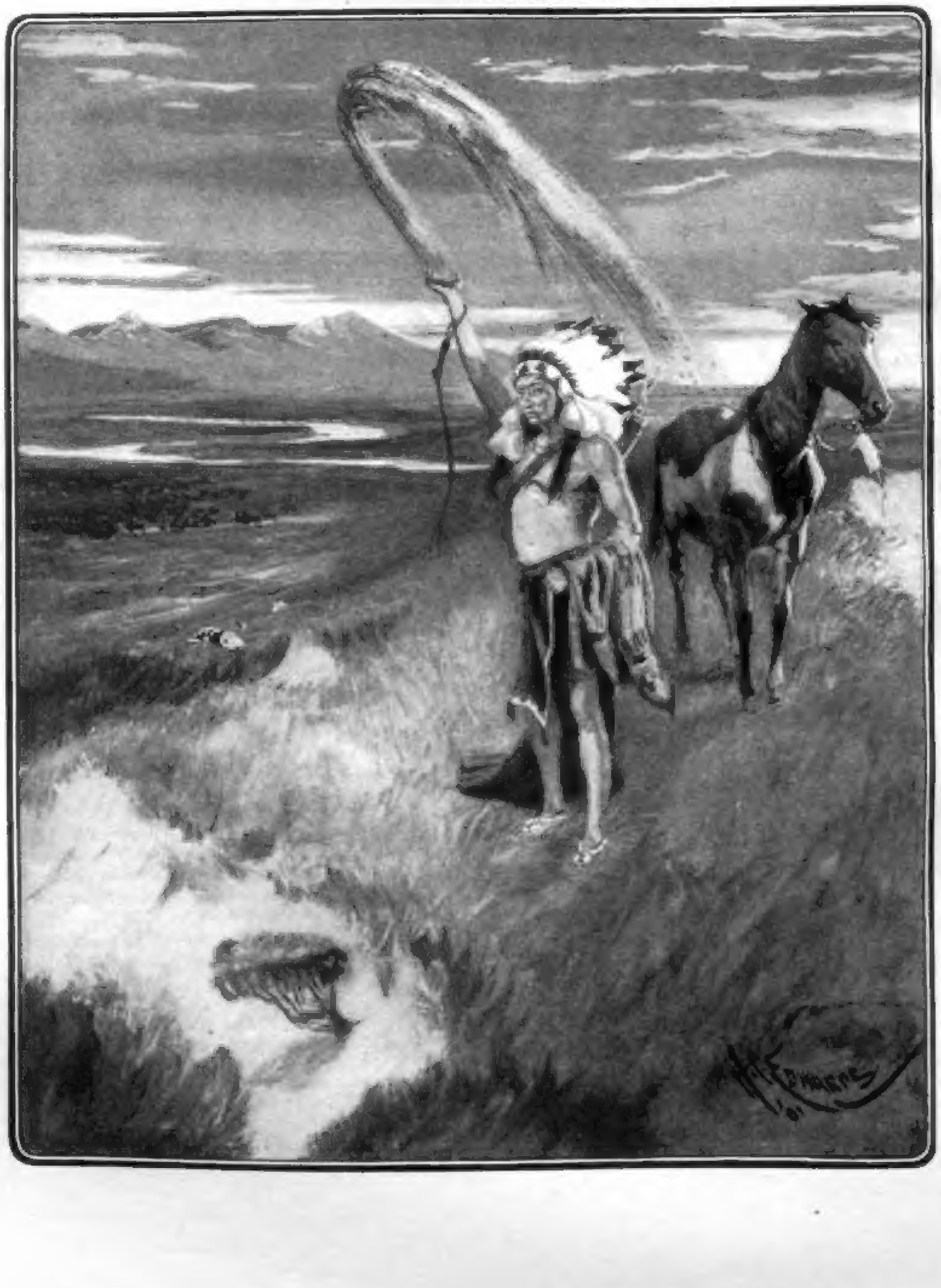
"Most assuredly," replied the Bull, "thou leavest nothing but the bones."

"Nothing but the bones," concurred A'tim. "And, as I was saying, these Long Knives put the Flour of Death in the dead Buffalo, and my Wolf brethren, when they eat, being forced to of their hunger, die like flies at Cold Time."

"And a good thing, too—I mean ——" and Shag coughed apologetically; "I mean, as a Calf I received cause to remember your Wolf Brothers, A'tim; there's a hollow in my thigh you could bury your paw in, where one of your long-fanged Pack sought to hamstring me. You, A'tim, who are half Wolf, know how it comes that where one of your kind puts his teeth, the flesh, sooner or later, melts away, and leaves but a hole—how is it, A'tim?"

"Foul teeth," growled the Dog-Wolf. "They're a mean lot, are the Gray Runners; even I, who am half of their kind, bear them no love—have they not outcasted me because of my Dog blood? I am no Wolf, Shag; I am A'tim, which meaneth 'a Dog,' in the talk of the Crees."

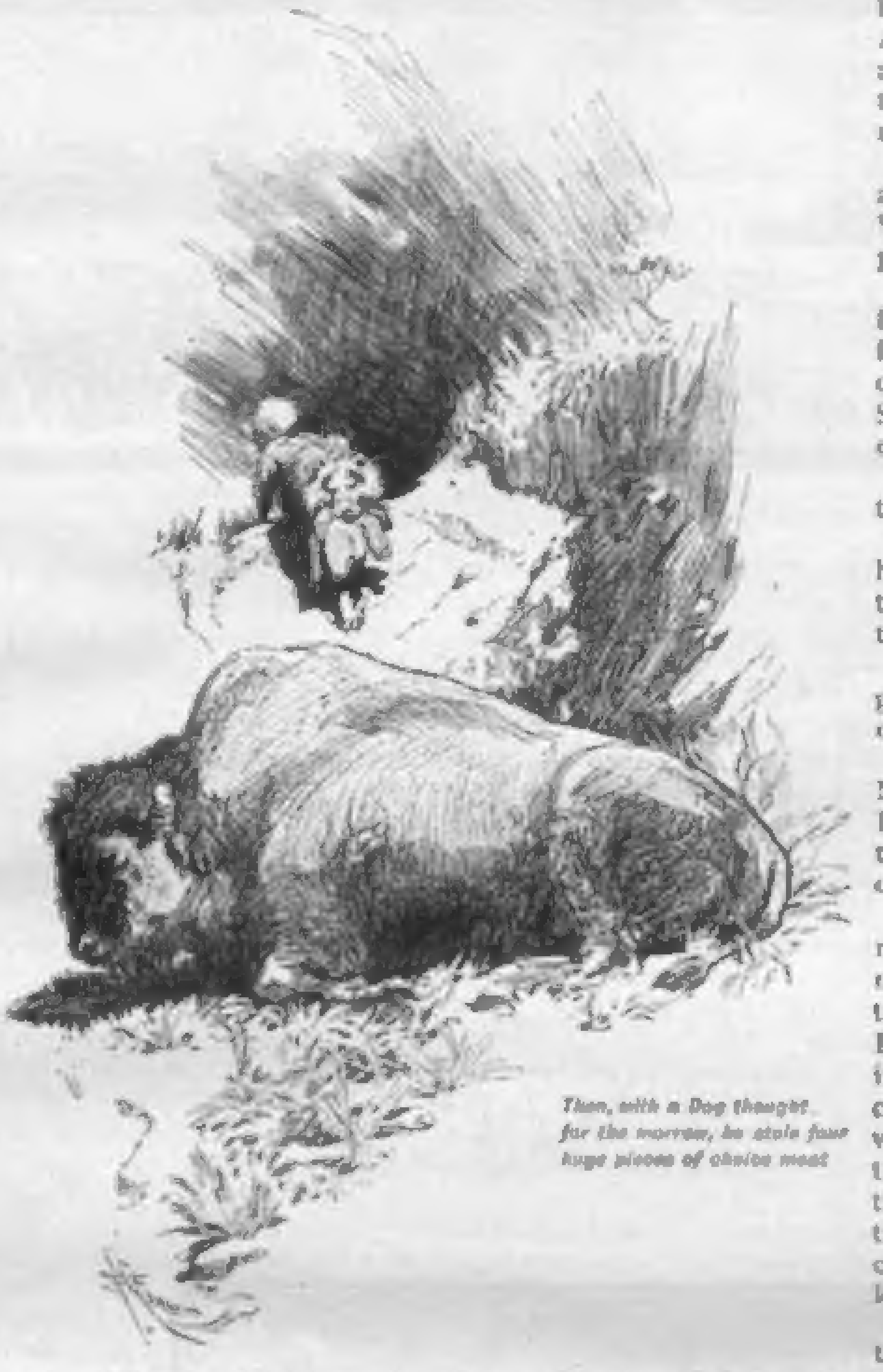
"Even so, Brother," said Shag, "how comes it that thou art a half-breed Wolf at all?"


—caught up a handful of black earth-dust and threw it high in air. That was sign talk, and told his comrades . . . that he saw many buffalo

"That is also of Man's evil ways, Brother Bull: thinking to change everything that was as it should be before he came. This false mating is of his thought; to get the strength of the Wolf, and the long-fasting of the Wolf, and the toughness of the Wolf, into the kind of his Train Dogs. And because of all this, I, who am a Dog, am outcasted."

"Well, we'll soon all be gone," sighed the Bull plaintively; "when I was a Smooth Horn, and in the full glory of my strength ——"

"Thou must have been of a great strength, Shag, for thou art the biggest Bull from Belly Buttes to Old Man River—Waugh! waugh! that I can swear to."


Then, with a Dog thought for the morrow, he stole four huge pieces of choice meat

"In those days," continued Shag, taking a swinging lick at his scraggy hide with his rough tongue, "in those days, when I was a Smooth Horn, I led a Herd that caused the sweet-grass plain to tremble like water when we galloped over it. We were as locusts—that many; and when crossing a coulee I've turned with pride on the opposite bank—I always went first—and, looking back, saw the whole hollow just a waving mass of life. Such life, too, Lone Dog; silk-coated Cows with Calf at knee; and Bulls there were full many—because I tolerated them, of course—and all strong and fat, and troubled by nothing but perchance in the Cold Time a few days of the White Storm which covered our food. But that did not matter much; we just drifted head-on to the harsh-edged blizzard, and lived on the thick fat of our kidneys."

"But the Redmen—the hairless-faced ones," interrupted Dog-Wolf; "they killed many a Buffalo in the old days."

"We could spare them," replied Shag; "their Deathshafts of wood slew but a few. Like yourself, A'tim, they killed only when they were hungry. It's the many-breathed Firestick of the Paleface that has destroyed us, A'tim; but like you, Brother, I, who am but an Outcast because of my great age, and because my horns have become stubs, care not overmuch. Why should I lament over my own people who have driven me forth—made of me an Outcast?"

"There is to be a big Run to-morrow—a mighty Kill," said A'tim, growing tired of the old Bull's reminiscent wail.

"Where?" queried the other.

"At Stone Hill Corral. Eagle Shoe says they will kill five hundred head."

"I know," sighed Shag, "at the Pound; I know that death trap. Half a Herd I lost there once through the conceit of a young Bull hardly out of the Spike Horn age. Well, I know the Pound—even the old Indian of deep cunning who made it, Chief Poundmaker—that's how he came by his name, A'tim. But, as I was saying, when I tried to turn the Herd, knowing what was meant, this Calf Bull led a part of them straight into the very trap. Served him right, too; but the Cows! Ah, me! My poor people! Slaughtered, every one of them; and so it will be again to-morrow—eh, A'tim? It's the big Herd down in the good feeding they're after, I suppose."

"Yes," answered A'tim; "to-morrow the whole Blood tribe, and Camous the Paleface, who is but a squaw man, living in their lodges, will make the Run."

"I wish I could stampede the Buffalo to save them," sighed Shag; "but my sides are sore from the insulting prods of the Spike Horns. Not a Bull in the whole Herd, from Smooth Horns, who are wise, down to Spike Horns, who are fools because of their youth, but think it fair sport to drive at me if I go near. Surely I am an Outcast—which seems to me a strange thing. When we come to the knowledge age, having gained wisdom, we are driven forth."

"No; you'd only get into trouble," declared A'tim decisively. "We, who are Brothers because of our condition, will watch this Run from afar. To-morrow, for once in my life, I shall have a full stomach."

"I am going back to the Buttes to sleep," declared Shag.

"I will go also," said A'tim; "while you rest, I, who sleep with one eye open, after the manner of my Wolf Brothers, will watch."

In a little valley driven into the Butte's side, where the grass grew long because of deep snow in winter time, the big Buffalo stopped, prospected the ground with his nose, flipped a sharp stone from the couch with nimble lip, and knelt down gingerly, for rheumatism had crept into his old bones; then with a tired grunt of relaxation he rolled on his side, and blew a great breath of sweet content through his nostrils.

"A good bed," quoth A'tim. "I will share it with you, Brother; close against your stomach for warmth."

He took the three turns that had come to him of his Dog heritage, and curled up contentedly against the great paunch of the scarred Bull.

"I can't sleep for thinking of the big Kill," murmured Shag. "My poor Brothers and Sisters, also some of my own children, are in that Herd, though they, too, have disowned and driven me forth."

"There will be more sweet grass for your feeding when they are gone, Shag," declared Dog-Wolf.

"Ah! there's plenty of eating, such as it is—though the grass on the prairie looks short and dry and harsh, yet it is sweet in the cud; to you, who are but a Dog-Wolf, the eating comes first in your thought; but with us it is the dread of hunters, who keep us ever on the move."

"I know of a land where it is not this way," asserted A'tim, after a pause; "a beautiful land, with pea-vine knee deep, and grass the Men call blue-joint, that fair tops my back when I walk through it. As for drink! why, one day in a single tramp I crossed sixteen streams of beautiful running water."

"Are you dreaming, A'tim?" asked Shag, touching the Dog-Wolf's back with the battered point of his stub-horn.

"No, Bull. And there are few hunters in that land, and few of your kind; and shelter of forest against the White Storm; and buttes, and coulees everywhere."

"An ideal Range," muttered the Bull; "is it far?"

"Perhaps half a moon—perhaps a whole moon from here to there, just as one's feet stand the trail."

"You make me long for that great feeding," sighed Shag enviously.

"Yes, you'd be better in the Northland, Shag," said the Dog-Wolf sleepily—"better there. Here you are an Outcast, even as I am."

"Yes, after the big Kill to-morrow," sighed the Bull mournfully. "I shall want to trail somewhere. Across Kootenay River is good feeding ground, but there the accursed Long Knives are filled with the very devil of destruction, and kill even such as me, though my hide is not worth the lifting. I, who am an Outcast, and have lost all pride, know this—I am worthless."

The bubbling monotone of the old Bull had put A'tim to sleep. He was giving vent to gasping snores and plaintive whimpers, and his legs were twitching spasmodically—he was dreaming of the chase. Shag turned his massive head and watched the nervous Dog-Wolf with heavy, tired eyes. "He is chasing the reed-legged Antelope now; or, perhaps even in his sleep Camous pursues him with the many-breathed Fire-stick. Well, well, by my hump but we all have our troubles; even this Dog-Wolf, who is not half my age, has lived into the hard winter of life."

Then Shag rested his black-whiskered chin on the soft turf, his tired eyelids, mange-shaved, drooped over the age-blurred eyes, and these two Outcasts, so strangely mated, driven together by adversity, slept in the coulee of Belly Buttes.

SECOND CHAPTER

A COLD, weakling gray-light was touching with ghastly fresco the Belly Buttes when A'tim stretched out his paw and scratched impatiently at Shag's leather side. The Bull came back slowly out of his heavy sleep.

"Gently, Wolf Brother," he cried petulantly; "your claws are wondrous strong, and my side has many sore spots—love scars from my Brother Bulls."

"You'll have worse than Bull scars if you don't wake up," answered A'tim; "can't you hear something?"

Shag tipped his massive head sideways with drowsy inquiry, the heavy lids opening in unwilling laziness. A muffled, palpitating beat was in the sulky morning air; it was like the monotonous thump of a war drum over on the Reserve.

"What is it?" queried the Bull, raising his head with full-aged dignity.

"Eagle Shoe's pinto is pounding the trail—the Run is on," answered A'tim.

Shag heaved his huge body to his knees wearily, struggled to his feet with stiff-limbed action, and shook his gaunt sides.

"You needn't do that," sneered A'tim; "not much grass sticks to your coat now."

"No, it's only force of habit," grunted Shag. "And to think of the time when my beautiful hair was the envy of the whole Range; for I was a Silk-Coat, you know—a rare thing in Bulls, to be sure. But I'm not that now; when I look in the lake waters and see only this miserable ruff about my neck, and scant tuft on my tail, I feel sad—feel ashamed. The tongue of the lake tells me all that, Brother, so say no more about it."

"Wait you here, Shag," commanded A'tim; "I will go up on a Butte and see the method of these hunters; my eyes are younger than yours, Herd Leader."

When the Dog-Wolf returned he said: "Eagle Shoe is riding far to the South; let us follow in the river flat and see this Run, for it will be a mighty Kill. O-o-o-h! but I am empty—famished!"

"Always of blood," muttered the Bull to himself; "always of blood and meat eating; Wolf and Dog; Dog-Wolf and Man—always full of the blood thought and the desire for a Kill."

They could hear the thud of pony hoofs on the dry prairie's hollow drum as they traveled, winding in and out amongst the tangle of willow bushes that followed the river. Then the hoof beats died away, and A'tim said: "Now he has circled to the West—that means something; let us go up and see."

They stole up the old river bank to the brow of the uplands. A mile off they could see Eagle Shoe standing beside his cayuse. As they watched, the Blood Indian stooped, caught up a handful of black earth-dust and threw it high in air. That was sign talk, and told his comrades who were hiding on the prairie that he saw many Buffalo—Buffalo many as the grains of sand cast to the wind.

Then he trailed his blanket behind him as he walked beside his ewe-necked pinto, and two Indians stole stealthily from their prairie cover like Coyotes, and followed Eagle Shoe.

"Ah!" muttered Shag, as he and A'tim went forward slowly; "I know. This Indian has the cunning of a whole Wolf Pack; is that not so, Brother? King Animals!" he exclaimed in a great voice like the low of the wind coming through a mountain gorge; "is that not the Herd yonder, clear-eyed Dog-Wolf?"

"By the chance of meat it is—a mighty Herd, Shag; such a Herd as the Caribou make in the Northland when they mate."

"Now the Buffalo see Eagle Shoe," continued Shag; "but they have no wisdom; they but see some one thing that has life. Perhaps they will even say: 'It is only old Shag, the Outcast—let us feed in peace.' Their eyes are the eyes of Calves, and their noses tell them nothing, for the hunt Man is down Wind, is he not, A'tim?"

"Surely, Brother; even a *moneas*, a green hunter of a Paleface, would know better than to send the flavor of his presence on the Wind's back."

"Yes, even so," continued Shag. "See how gently he moves toward them. Danger! One Bull's head is up; he has discovered that it is not a Buffalo; now he has whispered to the others, for they are moving slowly. Thou hast spoken truth, A'tim—a strange thing for a Dog-Wolf, too," he muttered to himself—"it *will* be a mighty Kill. How slowly the Herd moves; they are not afraid of the one animal, whatever it is—one, did I say, A'tim? Look you, Brother, for you have the Wolf-eyes, are there not three now—three Kill drivers?"

"Yes, three Indians," answered the Dog-Wolf. "The same old hunt—I've watched it many a time from behind the runners; I know every trick of these slayers. Now the Run surely begins; let us close up, Shag, for the hunters will have no eyes for such as us—their hearts are full of the killing of many Buffalo. Also there will be much meat warm to a cold stomach to-night;" and he licked his chops greedily.

"I don't like it," muttered Shag; "the Palefaces, with their many-breathed Fire-sticks, have killed my people, and have driven them up from the South, and now they are gathered together in a few mighty Herds such as this. The Redmen who have not these Fire-sticks, but have the cunning of Wolves, see all this, and say they too must slay a whole Herd, where before they killed but two or three. We'll soon be all gone; we, who are the meat food of these Redmen, we'll soon be all gone, and then what will they do, A'tim? Will they kill each other, as your people do when the famine gets into their hearts? Or will they just lie down and die, as my people do when the White Storm blots out all the grass food?"

"I do not know, Great Bull," answered A'tim. "To-night I shall be full of much meat, perhaps even to-morrow; after that I know not what may come with the warm trail of the sun."

The Outcasts saw the two Indians ride into the eye of the Wind that blew up from the South across the Herd. As a sudden squall ripples a smooth lake, so the scent of the Redmen carried by the prairie breeze stirred the sea of brown-backed Buffalo.

"Now they will stampede," quoth Shag, eying this manœuvre with heavy intentness.

"Yes," answered A'tim, "and Eagle Shoe will lead your brethren to their destruction. We will wait here till they have passed, then we will follow."

"Yonder is one of the bush wings leading to the slaughter-pen, the Stone Hill Corral," cried Shag; "and on the far side will be another, though we can't see it yet."

"Yes," concurred A'tim, "I see it; they'll come closer and closer together, these two run of bushes, and at the far end there will be but a narrow trail like a coulee, and after that they drop into Stone Hill Pit—the Buffalo Pound. I saw the Indians building these trail-sides last night. It will be a great Run—a mighty Kill!"

"Yes," affirmed Shag, "we both know of this thing—we who are of no account; it is only the Outcasts who have much wisdom seemingly. Behind the bushes hide the Indians, and no Buffalo will break through because of them. On, on they'll gallop to the death pit, the Pound. Let us move up closer; my old blood tingles with it, for I've been in many a Run."

A'tim grinned like a Hyena. Already in his Wolf nostrils was the visionary scent of blood, and much killing. That night he would dip his lean jaws in the Kill of the Redmen.

Eagle Shoe and the two Indians who had come up out of the level plain like evil spirits were leading and driving their prey into the wide jaws of the converging stockade. The Buffalo were pressing on to destruction with increased pace; following with blind stupidity the horseman who cantered in front of them. From a lazy stroll they had quickened to a fast walk; a shuffling trot had given place to an impatient lope. Calves were being hustled to the centre of the moving Herd by loving mothers. Head down, and wisp tail straight out, the brown bodies shifted from lope to mad gallop. The Bulls snorted restlessly and called hoarse-voiced to their consorts: "Speed fast, for something evil follows."

The beaten earth groaned in hollow misery; the thrusting weight of half a thousand head made its breast ache; its plaintive protest grew into an angry roar like incessant thunder; the dust, sharp-hoof-pounded, rose like a hot breath, and hung foglike over the troubled sea of rocking bodies.

Behind, the two horsemen, wide apart like fan points, galloped with hard-set faces. Eagerly the ponies, bred to the hunt, stretched their limbs of steel-like toughness, and raced for the brown cloud that fled as a broken regiment.

Surely it was wondrous sport, as A'tim thought; surely it was unholy slaughter, as the Outcast Bull muttered.

Now the galloping brutes were well between the brush walls of the ever-narrowing stockade. A Calf, speed-strangled, slipped from the dust cloud and wandered aimlessly toward the galloping horsemen; Grasshead's pony swerved as the Calf sprawled in his path.

On the Buffalo galloped; faster and faster rode Eagle Shoe. His cayuse, the fleetest Buffalo horse of all the Blood tribe, galloped with the full fear in his heart of the danger that was behind. Low over his neck crouched Eagle Shoe; one false step—a yawning badger hole, a swerve at a white rock, a falter, and crunching hoofs would grind the Redskin to pulp.

Wedge-shaped the Herd raced for the leading horseman; hindermost labored the fatted bulls, but in front thundered the leader.

With hawk eye, Eagle Shoe swept the stockade wall for the opening through which he was to slip and let the Herd gallop on to their destruction. Hi, yi! there it was. Sharp to the left, swinging his body far out on the side to steady the careening cayuse, he turned. As he shot through the opening two Indians rose up, and their guns belched a red repulse in the faces of the Buffalo.

On swept the Herd—on raced the pursuing Redskins, now joined by Eagle Shoe. An Indian rose like a spectre behind the bush wall, and twanged a hoarse-singing arrow into the quivering flank of the Herd that was as one Buffalo. His Hunt-Cry of joy, fierce-voiced, was like the wail of an infant—the roar of the troubled earth hushed it to nothing.

Fear rode on the backs of the striding beasts, and they were afraid; and in their hearts was only gallop, gallop, gallop; there was no thought, nothing but frenzy; no thought of breaking through the wing sides, flimsy as a deep shadow, for behind twig-laced walls were strange demons possessed of the Man-Call, the Kill-Cry. On, on, on! only in front was any opening; there the prairie lay still and smiling. Wedgelike behind their Bull Leader they thundered. To him the open prairie in front beckoned and smiled a lie of safe passage; the Pound, the death pit, dug on its rounded breast, lay hushed in silent ambush, and the Bull Leader saw only a narrow gate at the far end of the fast-closing wings. Soon he would lead all this mighty Herd that had grown into his charge past the walls that were alive with evil spirits, and out to the prairie beyond.

What could rise up in front and stay that mad rush of half a thousand Buffalo? Nothing—nothing! and the Pound still lay hushed—waiting.

Behind the Bull, with implicit faith, pressed the Herd. Only a short distance reached the dreaded yellow-leafed walls that hid the Man enemy. In six breaths he would have passed the narrow mouth, and all his heart's pride would stream out from that death gauntlet to the broad Range that called to him.

Even now he drew a sigh of relief; one more jump—oh, spirit of sacred Buffalo! that yawning abyss! the frown of the Pound. He braced his giant forelegs in the graveled earth on its very brink. Too late! Behind, two hundred tons of impetuous fright crashed against his guarding frame; the treacherous sod crumbled; down, down, thirty feet sheer, over the cliff he shot: two, six, a dozen, fifty! beyond all count, one after another, bellowing Cow and screaming Calf, they hurled into the slaughter-pen of the Blood Indian's corral.

Inferno upon earth was born in an instant; up from the sun smile of the prairie rose a shadow of fiends. The walls of the pit, large as the Coliseum, were lined with Redskins of the murder caste. Bow-strings twanged; dag-spears, long-handled, were driven with vengeful swish into the bellowing mob of crazed Buffalo. A sulphurous cloud of gun smoke settled over the pit. Of a verity it was a carnival of demons. Surely it was a mighty Kill! Surely it was a blood fresco on the beautiful earth.

Some strong animals, not shattered in their fall, rushed about the pit in erratic frenzy, like victims in a Roman arena. The mocking walls rose on every side, grim, unsurmountable, and thrust the captives back into the shambles; jagged flint arrow-heads stung their hearts like angry serpents. Oh, blessed quick death! better than the smother and trample that beat out the lives of others, inch by inch. The gun fire belched hot in their faces: the bellowing of Bulls almost hushed the Hunt-Cry of the Redman.

For an hour the full carnage lived; the joy of blood shedding was over the Indians; gray-aged warriors and lean-chested children, all drank of the glory of slaughter. Skinning knife in hand the Squaws waited for the tumult to subside that they might complete the tragedy.

At last no Buffalo chased hopelessly over the dead bodies of his fellows seeking a vain safety; all were stricken to their death—not one had escaped. No bellowing was heard now; nothing but the victory clamor of the rabble and the gasping choke of dying Buffalo. Out on the prairie the silly Calf wandered like a lost babe—the only survivor of a king-led Herd.

Like butchers, the strong-backed Squaws leapt into the arena, its stone floor slippery with blood, and stripped the bodies of their victims. The Indians, their warrior pride holding them aloof from this menial labor, sat and gloried in the mighty Kill.

Shag and the Dog-Wolf had heard the din from afar. "They will not poison the meat to-night," muttered A'tim, "and when they have gorged themselves to sleep, I also shall feast, for it must have been a great Kill."

"It's dreadful!" lamented Shag; "it's dreadful! I can't eat—the grass tastes of blood; for this Kill has been of my kind. It is different with you, A'tim. I will sleep here in this near-by coulee, and when you have feasted, Dog Brother, come back to me, for I am sad and my heart is heavy; come back, A'tim, and sleep warm against my side."

Far into the night, by the light of dry willow fires, like dancing ghouls, the Squaws cut and hacked and laid bare the bones that had been joyous in much life at sunrise.

Over the camp fires, for long hours, the pots boiled and bubbled with the cooking meat—the delicious Buffalo flesh that was meat and bread to the Indians; and beside the glowing embers huge joints spitted on sharp sticks sizzled and threw off a perfume that came to the starved nostrils of A'tim, and almost crazed him with eager hunger.

Would the Indians never cease eating? he wondered. Close-crept, he watched Eagle Shoe take a piece of the luscious "back fat"—ah, well A'tim knew the loin—and devour it greedily. How like vultures these feeders were, A'tim thought. At least a dozen times each Indian returned to the flesh-pots, the Dog-Wolf felt sure. "They are like Wolves," he snarled; "well I know them. For days and days they will live on nothing, even as a Wolf; then, when the Kill is on, they will gorge until they are stupid. E-u-h-ha! but when they become stupid from this feeding surely I will also feast; wait, hunger-pain, wait just a little."

A cold moon came up over the fog-lined prairie and looked down wonderingly at the fierce barbecue. Sometimes the silent prairie, silent as the Catacombs, would be startled by the exultant cry of a blood-drunken feaster. It was a fierce joy the Kill had brought to these Pagans.

Half a thousand robes Eagle Shoe had tallied. "Waugh! Ugh! Ugh!" he had grunted in sheer joy when the little

(Continued on Page 21)

Little Red Riding Hood

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

(1) MOST worthy of praise were the virtuous ways
Of Little Red Riding Hood's ma,
And no one was ever more cautious and clever
Than Little Red Riding Hood's pa.
They never misled, for they meant what they said,
And frequently said what they meant:
They were careful to show her the way she should go,
And the way that they showed her, she went.
For obedience she was effusively thanked,
And for anything else she was carefully spanked.

(2) It thus isn't strange that Red Riding Hood's range
Of virtues so steadily grew,
That soon she won prizes of different sizes,
And golden encomiums, too.
As a general rule she was head of her school,
And at six was so notably smart
That they gave her a check for reciting The Wreck
Of the Hesperus wholly by heart.
And you all will applaud her the more, I am sure,
When I add that the money she gave to the poor.

(3) At eleven this lass had a Sunday-school class,
At twelve wrote a volume of verse,
At fourteen was yearning for glory, and learning
To be a professional nurse.
To a glorious height the young paragon might
Have climbed, if not nipped in the bud,
But the following year struck her smiling career
With a dull and a sickening thud!
(I have shed a great tear at the thought of her pain,
And must copy my manuscript over again!)

(4) Not dreaming of harm, one day on her arm
A basket she hung. It was filled
With drinks made of spices, and jellies, and ices,
And chicken-wings, carefully grilled,
And a savory stew, and a novel or two
She persuaded a neighbor to loan,
And a Japanese fan, and a hot-water can,
And a bottle of *eau de cologne*,
And the rest of the things that your family fill
Your room with, whenever you chance to be ill.

(5) She expected to find her decrepit but kind
Old grandmother waiting her call,
Exceedingly ill. Oh, that face on the pillow
Did not look familiar at all!
With a whitening cheek she started to speak,
But her peril she instantly saw:
Her grandma had fled and she'd tackled instead
Four merciless paws and a maw!
When the neighbors came running the wolf to subdue
He was licking his chops—and Red Riding Hood's, too!

(6) At this terrible tale some readers will pale,
And others with horror grow dumb,
And yet it was better, I fear, he should get her;—
Just think what she might have become!
For an infant so keen might in future have been
A woman of awful renown,
Who carried on fights for her feminine rights,
As the Mare of an Arkansas town,
Or she might have continued the sin of her 'teens,
And come to write verse for the Big Magazines!

THE MORAL

The Moral: There's nothing much glummer
Than children whose talents appal.
One much prefers those that are dumber,
And as for the paragons small—
If a swallow cannot make a summer,
It can bring on a summary fall!

COLLEGE MEN & NEWSPAPER WORK

By GEORGE ADE

AUTHOR OF FABLES IN SLANG

ONE can readily understand why so many young people are attracted by the glitter of journalism. Newspaper work seems to offer a short cut to power. And there is no mistake about it, the reporter does wield the power. Stubborn and controversial people may be led if they do not know that they are being led. For every man or woman who will accept an editorial dogma and swallow it as if it were a dose of medicine, there are ten who will resent dictation, but who will deduce a judgment from a news report, even though it may be biased and colored, thereby giving the real authority to the young man who legs around and gets the news. It is perhaps just as well that the thousands of young reporters who are slashing out copy in the newspaper offices do not feel the true measure of their responsibility and influence, or they might attempt to convert the news columns into editorial columns, and thereby curtail the real power of the press.

The Way to Influence the Public

The news columns of our daily papers provide the staple intellectual food for all classes. After the news columns have nourished a popular sentiment, the editorial page may succeed in organizing this sentiment into a "movement," but it cannot begin a "movement" by forcing a series of conclusions on an unconvinced public. Nearly all public opinion, so-called, is reasoned out from the news of the day. If our morning paper tells us that John Doe is a brute, we immediately suspect that possibly John Doe is not all that he should be, but we temper this suspicion with the reflection that many good men have been abused by newspapers, and we remember that some of our own friends have been hastily condemned by tyrant editors, and we wonder how John Doe must feel to stand out and be branded as a brute, and in the end we reserve judgment, at the same time being inclined to condole with John Doe over the misfortune of being publicly toasted.

But if the morning paper, instead of telling us that John Doe is a brute, merely relates that at such-and-such an hour on the previous day John Doe assaulted his wife, then we decide that John Doe *is* a brute, and do not hesitate to say so. We think we have found it out for ourselves.

If the news of the day is not fairly and truthfully reported, there can be no right thinking by the multitude. If the premises are false, the most logical process of reasoning will lead to false and harmful conclusions. For instance, if the Filipinos are bloodthirsty savages, then our military policy in the islands has been the only one that could have been adopted. If the Filipinos are a civilized people, with a genuine aspiration for self-government, then our conduct has been shameful. The solution of the Philippine problem, as of all other problems affecting governmental policy, must come from a correct understanding of the situation. The newspaper correspondent in the Philippines carries a tremendous responsibility. He submits the evidence on which opinions are based. The editorial writer simply unreels his own guesses at the truth.

It is small wonder that many a young man is attracted by the prospect of stepping in and helping to pull the levers that control the machinery of journalism. There is no kind of work which appeals more strongly to the imagination of the youth who is eager to impress himself upon what he is pleased to term "the great outside world."

The desire to break into print is well-nigh universal. In my own beloved State of Indiana the literary instinct seems to be a part of our birthright, although Mr. Meredith Nicholson, in his new and valuable book called The Hoosiers, points out that authors multiply more rapidly in that part of the State south of Crawfordsville. But even north of Crawfordsville the man or woman who never has prepared a manuscript for publication is still in danger, the same as one who never has had the measles. And the older the victim, the more severe the attack.

The Lessons that Have to be Learned

With some people the desire to have their lines printed on paper is a governing passion, and so every publisher is buried beneath manuscripts and there is an endless procession to the newspaper offices.

A majority of those who come have exceedingly vague ideas as to what they want to write or how they are going to make themselves valuable in journalism. If his ignorance of the newspaper shop is unusually profound, the applicant chooses to begin by writing book reviews, dramatic criticisms, art notes, political editorials or short stories of the realistic kind.

Far be it from me to scoff at the lofty ambition of the beginner, for the young man who goes into newspaper work feeling that he is eminently qualified to step in and fill any one of the important chairs is usually the one who does succeed to a first-class editorial position after he has served his apprenticeship. What I wish to convey is that, ordinarily, the newcomer is in the dark as to the actual workings of the newspaper office. The newspapers themselves are the best schools of journalism, and the student usually draws a comfortable salary while he is learning his trade. Here we have another potent reason why so many young men choose newspaper work. If the college graduate is to be a lawyer he must start in at a law school, and beyond his post-graduate studies is a prospect of weary waiting for clients who seldom come. If he is to be a physician he cannot reasonably hope for a paying practice for several years after he has taken his M. D. If he has been at a technical school he may find himself already fitted to do work which will support him and at the same time lead to enlarging opportunities. But if he has had simply the old-fashioned college training, which consists of mental discipline plus a little of everything and not enough special knowledge in any branch to make his services immediately valuable, he finds himself drawn toward the newspaper office, particularly if he has to pay his own way.

Here is a "profession," so-called, which converts the college graduate into the "rising young journalist" in the twinkling of an eye. He walks into a newspaper office and proffers his intellect. The city editor sends him out to copy names from the hotel registers, and behold! he walks out of the place a newspaper man. He is as much a newspaper man as the veteran who has been through the Indian wars and a dozen political campaigns, and who, in his time, has reorganized staffs, rushed a thousand extras and written thunderous editorials that shook half the circulation.

The College Man's Real Advantage

Now, a man need not be a college graduate in order to get the hotel arrivals. For the small routine drudgery which often constitutes the early work of the reporter, it would seem that a man with the rudiments of an education and a naturally nimble mind would be just as capable as one who had been devoting four or more years to a college course and its attending fripperies. Also, inasmuch as the man of limited education who is industrious, quick-witted and possessed of what is commonly called "nerve," often does more showy work at the start than the college man who shrinks from cheap and impudent methods, there has been a tendency to belittle the value of the college-bred man in hurry-up journalism. Frequently it is pointed out that So-and-so, who used to be a newsboy and then became the office devil and got into the business after the manner of Richard Harding Davis' Gallegher, can go out and do more efficient "hustling" on a story late at night than some other So-and-so who is only three months out of Ann Arbor or Cornell. From these exceptional cases it is argued that the college man has no particular value not latent in any other bright and willing young man. But this argument is based on the supposition that newspaper work consists of going about with a great deal of alacrity, and worming news out of people who are unwilling to give it up. This puts the newspaper into the same category with the private detective agency. It is simply amazing that so many people have this erroneous impression of newspaper reporting. To be sure, we have our unterrified yellow sheets which send men out to pry into family affairs, and make keyhole and transom investigations of things which do not properly concern the public, but for the most part the work of a reporter on a reputable newspaper does not call for tricky methods. Many of the best reporters are modest and diffident to the point of shyness. They are quick observers, asking only the necessary questions, and making full and intelligent use of the information which comes to them.

Two-thirds of the value of the newspaper "story" of to-day is in the writing of it. It follows in reason that the man with the trained mind and the full vocabulary will write a more satisfactory report than the man with the superficial training, provided, of course, that he has the same natural ability to determine what there is in the matter at hand that really interests the public.

The Valuable Training of the Reporter

This brings us to a very large consideration. As a rule, the young man's preliminary work on a newspaper is general reporting. It is the best kind of training, for it brings him into contact with many kinds of men, keeps him on the alert, gives him opportunity to use his wits in hunting out news and his versatility as a writer in preparing the news for the printer. If he fails as a reporter he will greatly lessen his chances of remaining in newspaper work. Of every one hundred who enter the troublous portals, no less than ninety-nine are put to tasks which pleasingly unite mentality, pedestrianism and long rides on trolley cars. If the candidate for journalistic glory feels that he is of too large calibre to be trained on vagrant "items" he had better back out of the employment as rapidly as possible. Unless a young man is proudly ambitious to be a good reporter he had better get the use of a library somewhere and become a "literary man," and find out what it means to have no salary days. The cleverest and most assertive work on all influential papers is done by reporters. No newspaper office has as yet developed a man who was overqualified for the work of general reporting.

It is commonly agreed among newspaper workers that a young man who wishes to make of himself a really first-class reporter should have certain distinctive qualifications.

First, he should have an actual love for the work of going about and searching out facts and setting them down in entertaining style. He must like the work of writing so well that he will not be happy away from it. He must go into the newspaper office for the work's sake and not because he has nothing else to do and is attracted by the salary. In addition to this natural hankering for the strenuous life of the great daily he must have, secondly, what is sometimes called the "news instinct." He must be able to determine what is news and what is not, and when he is set in pursuit of a piece of news he must be able to divide the essentials from the non-essentials, and to determine at a glance what features of the case will interest the public. If he cannot do this he is apt to be a failure. This "news sense," or "nose for news," as it is sometimes called—this quick detection of a story in certain happenings which would strike your slow observer as being but little out of the ordinary, is the differentiating characteristic of the successful reporter or correspondent. It may be cultivated to a certain extent, and the trained news-getter and story-teller usually has it more keenly developed than the new man, but it must be there as an integral part of the man's mental make-up, or he is not qualified to become a successful newspaper man.

Thirdly, he must be able to sit down and express himself on paper with a certain fluency and directness, because time, tide and the first edition wait for no man. The art of rapid writing is one which may be improved by practice, but there are some who never can master it, and there are others who almost regret that they ever did.

The Ability to Recognize News at Sight

I have said that a young man who goes into journalism intent on making a reputation and being something more than a mere amanuensis or copyist, must have a prompting love for his work, a quick perception of what is to be seized on in passing events, and the ability accurately to narrate or describe on paper that which he has seen or which has been told him.

But these three essentials are not provided by any college course. Any editor can tell true stories of men from the best Eastern universities, men with trained minds and well-stocked vocabularies and a vast assortment of general knowledge, who were of no value in a newspaper office because they were not able to identify a piece of news even when it was lying in front of them and beckoning to them, or perhaps because a critical self-consciousness prevented them from writing a simple, impersonal account of an every-day happening. It cannot be said that such men are "inferior" to the other men who fill the paper with valuable and entertaining matter. All we can say is that they are not adapted to this peculiar grind. They were not "cut out" to be newspaper men. The sooner they get out of the work the better.

Fortunately, getting out is not usually delayed. The ease with which a young man bursts into journalism is only equaled by the superb ease with which he is sent through the street door if he fails to show a quick and enthusiastic grasp of the requirements. Many are called and few are chosen. It is truly a survival of the fittest—not necessarily of the best or the brightest.

But when the beginner has the natural qualifications and college training added he is the best kind of newspaper man. There is no other occupation in which good-breeding and a general smattering of languages, arts, the natural sciences, mathematics, history and political economy count for so much. In the course of a busy year the reporter or the editor must deal with a myriad of topics, usually in a superficial manner, but he must have at least a rudimentary knowledge of many subjects or he will misuse terms and prove himself a clumsy amateur. And so the college man is competent to write intelligently on a hundred topics which are Greek to the youth who has a grammar school training and the superficial smartness of the street. It need not surprise any one if, after the indefinite period of trying out, the college man begins to get the more important assignments, and, year by year, forges ahead of his less fortunate associates, and either succeeds to a responsible editorial position or makes his newspaper experience a stepping-stone to work which is less arduous but more permanent in its rewards.

Assuming, then, that a college man with a strong liking and aptitude for the work may reasonably hope to succeed as a newspaper man, the questions arise: Is such success worth the labor and sacrifice involved? If he gets into the newspaper harness will he not remain there all his life, a mere hack at a stationary salary? Every city newspaper office has its horrible examples of arrested development—men who have learned to do routine reporting, and who will be condemned to routine reporting at small salary so long as they have the strength to get about.

The Serious Disadvantages of Journalism

It must be evident that of twenty young men who go into newspaper work and succeed at it, not more than one can become a managing editor or a high-salaried editorial writer or a critic, because there are too many candidates for these berths, and even those who get them are still in the hard and wearisome routine at salaries that are seldom princely.

At first glance this is a solemn warning against journalism as a profession, assuming that it is a "profession." Also, there are penalties one must pay for taking up with the work. He must say good-by to evenings of leisure and all social engagements and any hope for studious quiet. He must put in long and unseasonable hours, full of physical fatigue and nervous strain, with no recompense except the fascination of being in the thick of the battle and the satisfaction of doing his work well. He must expect to be regarded with suspicion, for there is a general impression that the newspaper man is a tricky and designing ferret who is always trying to betray even his best friends into divulging something that will make reading for a hungry public. He must answer in a measure for all the sins of the sensation-makers and scandal-mongers and mud-slingers of the free American press. He feels at times that there is an odium attaching to the name of reporter even though he may have been guilty of nothing he could not justify to his other self.

But over and against these pains and penalties there are certain privileges and opportunities which cannot be found in any other kind of employment open to a young man. His daily work brings him into contact with all classes of men and permits him to look behind the scenes and find out motives. He is put into contact and competition with keen, inventive minds and he is constantly spurred to endeavor. He supplements his knowledge of books with a knowledge of human nature. He may be brought into confidential relations with men of great influences and large personality, and if he carries himself with discretion he may make friends with people whose influence will be valuable to him later.

Certainly it is a valuable training, and that is what the far-seeing man will make of his newspaper work—a training for some other form of occupation. I believe that the college man who goes into newspaper work should do so with the express determination to succeed in it, so that he may move on to a real life-work in which advancing age and the loss of youthful enthusiasm will not prove serious handicaps. A few years in a metropolitan newspaper office is a valuable post-graduate course. The hard jolts and a daily contact with the bitter realities of life may have an unfortunate tendency to destroy the juvenile bent toward the romantic and poetic, but not necessarily. Not all newspaper men are cynics, although doubtless the percentage runs high. But the work teaches self-reliance and sharpens the wits, and brings with it a knowledge of men and affairs which is a desirable addition to a knowledge of books and of methods, unless the man is going to lead a purely scholastic life.

It may seem strange advice—to go into a business with the intention of getting out again at the first favorable opportunity—but the ex-newspaper man and the older generation almost invariably advise the young men to get into other lines of work before it is too late. Newspaper reporting is admirable as a preparation, but often deadly as a prolonged task, for youthful enthusiasm must sooner or later wane, and it is only in exceptional cases that old men retain that high speed which is demanded of those who rush into shape our huge dailies and send them sweating from the press. Often enough the worker is more valuable two years after he has come into the office than after he has served ten or fifteen years and Nature is claiming her forfeit.

But does newspaper work train men for other occupations? The best way to answer this question is to call attention to the fact that those who get out of newspaper work alive invariably say that the experience was worth while. Doubtless the large majority of the men who live by writing stuff and selling it to publishers are graduates of the daily newspaper shop. They served their apprenticeship as reporters, learning to collect and assort story material and put it into shape through covering news assignments.

The newspaper style is said to be fatal to literary excellence. There is a slipshod school of writing called "Journalese," which claims many victims, but even on a newspaper a writer is not under contract to sacrifice his individuality and surrender to the stereotyped and stilted phrases of the weekly story papers. It is the avoidance of these commonplaces and the infusion of his own peculiar style into news stories that lifts the writer above the ordinary run of reporters and gives a chance to do more ambitious work that will be printed between covers.

Yet a very small percentage of the ex-newspaper slaves become professional writers. They pass into every sort of activity demanding alertness, cool judgment and a preparedness to meet ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

If a newspaper man has ability, his light cannot be hidden under a bushel, even though he writes anonymously. If he writes of finance, the masters of finance will keep watch on him. If he writes of politics, the politicians will learn to respect him as soon as he shows a knowledge of the changing situation. If he reports real estate news, that part of the public directly interested will soon gauge him as a level-headed prophet or a fool.

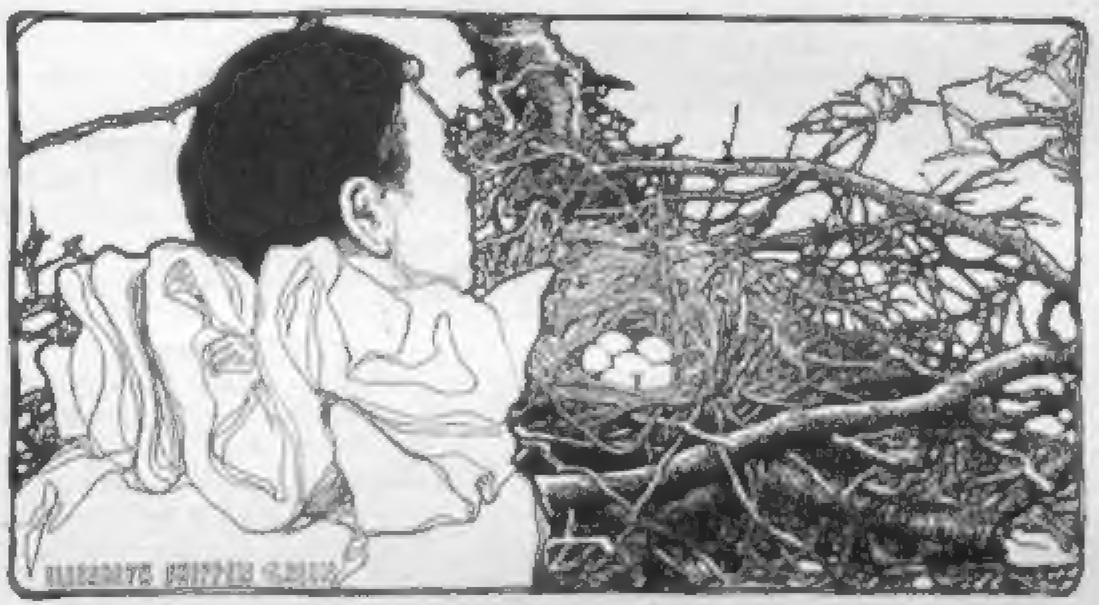
For it must be known that all newspaper work is becoming more and more specialized. The young man, after he has served a reasonable time as a general reporter, will doubtless display a preference for some particular kind of work, and so he may be told off to court reporting, sporting, politics, the stock market, the theatres, real estate, the labor unions, marine, city hall politics, hotels, or what not. In almost every one of these special lines he will receive a training which will fit him for an outside position. The kinds of employment open to capable newspaper men are too numerous to be listed here, for they include practically all the activities of a great city, except the professions requiring a strictly technical education. You will find bankers, publishers, advertising agents, real estate men, theatrical managers, political appointees, trade journalists, lawyers, contractors, and plenty of others who look back upon active newspaper work as a part of their education. They are glad to be out of it, but they speak well of it. It is worth any man's ambition to be a forceful writer of editorials, a good book reviewer, an honest dramatic critic or a successful managing editor. But unless the young man sees his way clear to one of these positions and knows that he has an abounding talent to lift him above the level of his associates, he had better seek pastures new.

The Careers that Open to the Reporter

So, unless the young man has a tremendous vitality and a love for the work not lessened by years of hard endeavor, he will do well to make his newspaper career a mere preparation for another career. Time and chance very often will determine what this after-work is to be. There is this much to be said: The young man will not rust or retrograde while he is in active newspaper work, as he might if he were put into a sleepy, overheated office or crowded into a subordinate place in some commercial establishment. To be sure, there is the danger that he will fall in with a convivial crowd and stay up late, trying to be a "Bohemian," but this danger is minimized now that editors discourage drinking.

Sometimes one is tempted to believe that an experimental season of journalism will lead any man to his predestined occupation. Newspaper work starts him in many different directions. He follows the most promising path and does not quarrel with fate. Once there was a young man who came into a newspaper office with a hidden determination to be another Charles A. Dana, and to-day he is the successful manager of a comic opera company. Another thought he was to be a professional funny man. He is now a grave police magistrate. Another who hoped to fit himself to do ponderous editorials is now writing frivolous matter depending for its charm on the use of parlor slang. A youth to fortune and to fame unknown had a desire to be the book reviewer of the century. He started in to do the preliminary "rustling," showed a quick grasp of financial reporting, and to-day is a stockbroker. And a great many, too many, in fact, get into politics. Yet who knows? They may take with them an antiseptic and clarifying influence.

In conclusion it might be said to the college man who is drawn toward newspaper work: If you feel a genuine craving for the fascinating toil, go into it—only when you have become a successful reporter and more or less deference is paid to you, and when overenthusiastic friends try to spoil you by saying that you are a "genius," do not sit down and be content with the thought that you have arrived, for you have not. You are simply on your way. Keep cool, and discount the flattery, and remember that nothing is more dead and cold than a yesterday's newspaper. Along in the thirties, if some one comes along and tries to steal you away from the newspaper office, don't resist.



How the Spring Came to Pierrot

By Bliss Carman

LOOK, love, how the woods are all misty
With purple and gray!
And the soft mellow wind has a touch
Of enchantment to-day.

There is rain in the air, and a magic
Unloosing of bonds—
A glad putting forth of new life,
An unfolding of fronds.

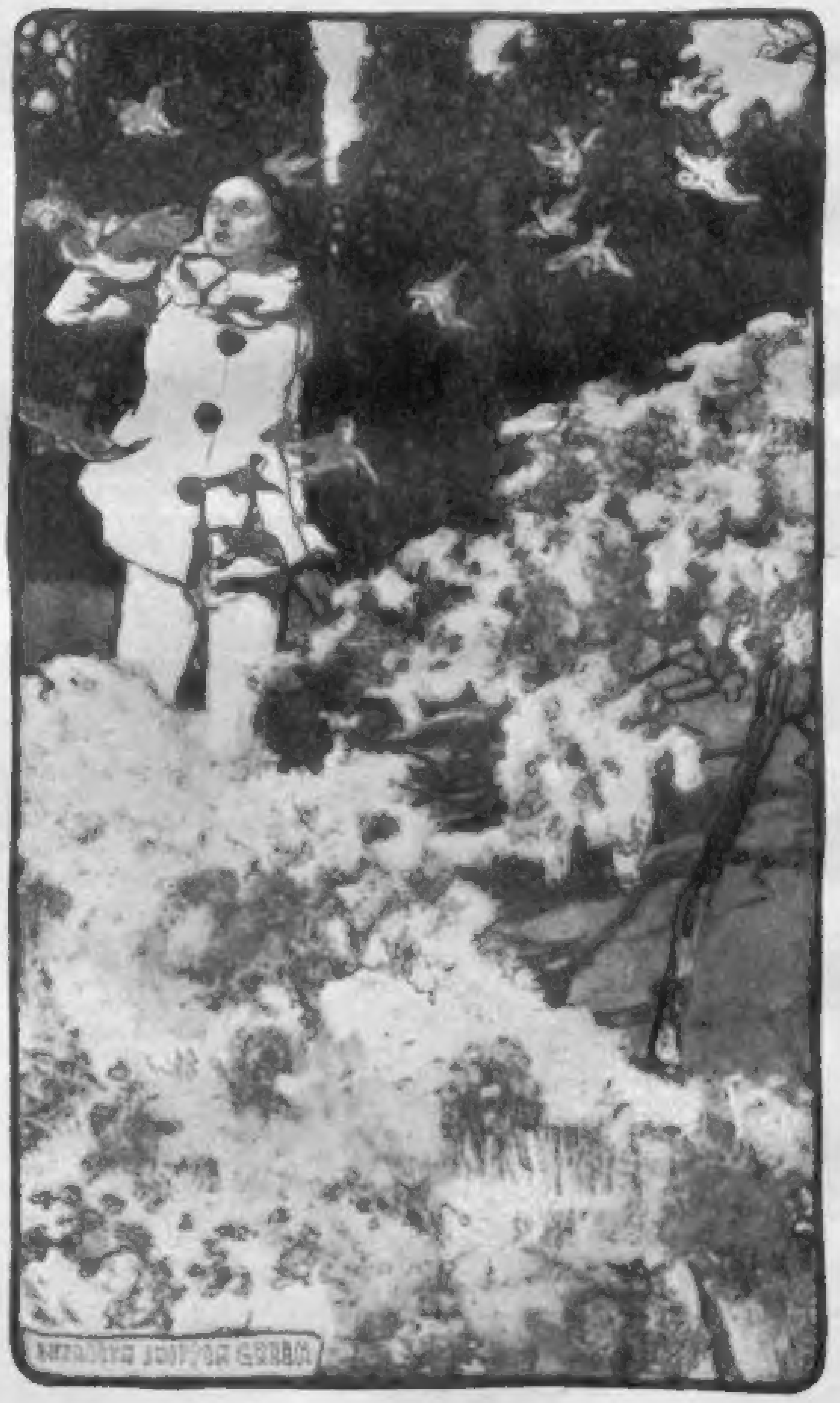
Whence come these old exquisite ardors
In crimson and green,
That walk through the valley and quicken
The life that has been?

Whence come these old exquisite fervors
In yellow and blue,
That touch the frail flowers, and waken
Their beauty anew?

Whence come these old passionate raptures
In whistle and trill,
That open the gates of the morning
By meadow and hill?

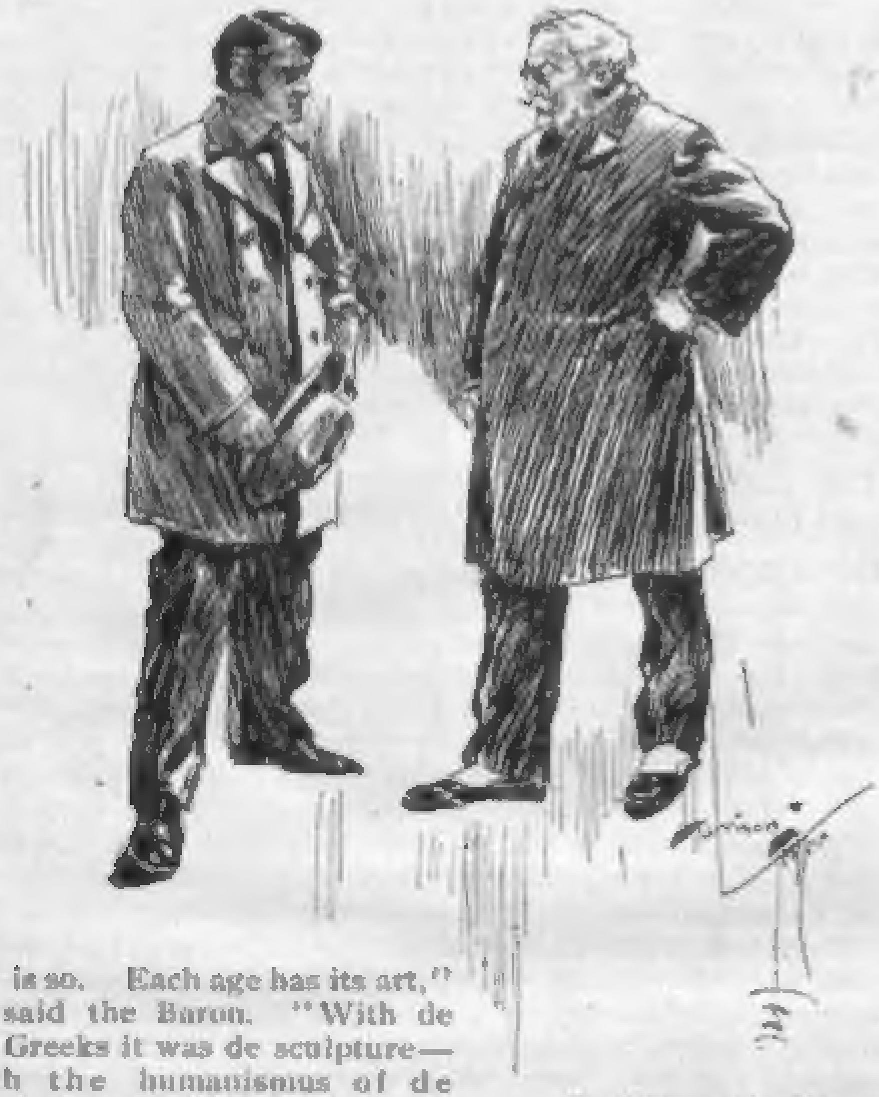
Whence come to the house of the spirit
Love, daring, desire,
To knock at the door—bid the inmate
Awake and aspire?

My heart never questions a moment
What April may bring,
But only cries, after long patience,
"Pierrot, it is Spring!"



The Ching-Ling-Chau Concession

By George Hibbard



"I think," he said, "if they try that they will some of them get killed"

IT is so. Each age has its art," said the Baron. "With de Greeks it was de sculpture—with the humanismus of de Renaissance it was de painting."

"Ah, you ask," he said as he drew aside the heavy curtains of the dining-room and entered the long picture gallery, his great, soft feet making hardly any sound on the hard, burnished floor; "you ask me what is de art of to-day." For a moment the thick lids veiled his placid, sleepy, cunning old eyes. "Well, my young friend, I tell you. It is de *haute finance*. De fine art of de financier. Nicht wahr?"

"So you say you like de picture. It is, in fact, a gem." He sat himself down on one of the long line of dark-colored divans that ran through the centre of the gallery, sinking back and seeming to exhale from his whole portly person the fragrant smoke of the priceless cigar he was rolling in his fat fingers. "I have had it in my eye for long. But de Italian Government it will not let de individual sell his pictures from de country. De Prinz Ronciglione was wishing to part with it and at last we made a liddle arrangement. It cost money—but then, what does not?"

"Ah! you will sit and admire it, too. In truth it is good to be back to such things in de good zivilization."

"Yes, it is only shortly I have come from a year in Osten Asiens where I have been busy with de Ching-Ling-Chau Concession."

"You know of this! You say who has not heard of it! For eggzample, there you see what I tell you a moment ago. De art of to-day is de *haute finance*. Ah! ah! It is wonderful." And he chuckled in ripples all over his body. "Kolosal! Pyramidal! I will tell you perhaps. There are reasons, you know, why I have confidence with you. After all, too, it is over. Still, if the truth were known. However, yet you say nothing about it I know. Ah, my friend, it is history I tell you, to be sure. But there is a curious story attached with it that has not been known—a very curious story. I tell it to you *so* that you see what strange, strange things will happen;" and the speaker for a moment contemplated dreamily the cloud of floating smoke. "So—of this Ching-Ling-Chau Concession. Ah, it is *a* great thing for all—for those who are in it," and he waved his hand ecstatically. "And for de German Empire! It enlarge de sphere of influence. It is another wedge that will widen, widen. Oh, this Province of Quangwang. What a country! Coal! Iron! Enough to supply de world for more than two, t'ree thousand years at de present rate of consumption. And gold! Ah, it makes your eyes water to think of such riches of no use to de zivilization. It was a crime! a crime! I know of it for long, and in Hongkong it first strike me that there is some chance to open it up. No one yet has hardly ever been there. But we know de feeling is strong against de foreigner, de 'white devils.' Ah! what a peoples! No way to make them hear reason. But as I sit and think, I ask myself if there are none of those missionaries there that are everywhere. Ah, they are goot men, these missionaries; very goot men. They go where no one else go. They stay and they make a settlement, and of course they must be protected. They say de trade follows de flag. No, de flag follows de missionary, and then comes de trade. Ah, they are very goot men, de missionaries. They do much for de zivilization of de world, and de more a country have of them, de more it is better. So when I see George Elbers——"

"De same. De man that was killed, and it filled all de newspapers and made all de trouble so that de German Government must interfere. So! Ah, yes. I see him first in Hongkong where he comes. It was one morning and I was in de bank. Of course of usuals I see no such one, but I notice de young man in passing through. He was a nice looking young man and I ask who he is. Then when they tell me he goes as a Lut'eran missionary in de Province of Quangwang, I think it was a pity. So it comes I talk with him.

"'Ah,' I say, 'my young friend, what madness! Those people will kill you and then they are not converted, and there is one missionary less.'

"He smiled as he looked at me.

"'I think,' he said, 'if they try that they will some of them get killed themselves.'

"'You fight?' I say; 'you, a missionary?'

"'Well,' he reply, 'I might forget myself.'

"'Consider,' I continue, 'de country is most hostile.'

"'I can take care of myself,' he answered with indifference. 'You need not trouble yourself about me.'

"'You are a German subject?' I ask.

"'A Prussian of de Prussians—a Brandenburger,' he says.

"'Then,' said I, 'when you get yourself on de head knocked we will know how to communicate with your friends.'

"'You need not trouble about that,' he said. 'There is not a living person in de world belonging to me—but my wife who is here——'

"'Your wife!' I almost cry out. 'Why, you are so young and you have a wife and she is here!'

"'She came so far,' he answered. 'But I would not let her go any farther.'

"'Ah!' I exclaim. 'There is one little bit of sense left.'

"'But when I have made everything all right—then she is to join me,' he goes on.

"'For foolishness,' said I, 'there is not like the young.'

"'It is hard enough'—and I hear for the first time de sadness in his voice—'this separation. But,' and he looked up with a struggles to be hilarious, 'it will not be for long.'

"In de evening at de club I tell this, as an eggzample of what people will do, to old Von Steinmetz. Ah, he is a man—a financier of de first water. For a long time he sit looking thoughtful. Then he says:

"'This is a great country—Quangwang—and I have already interests there. In time it must be added to de German sphere of influence.'

"'It would be goot,' I said.

"'This young man is a German subject?' he asked.

"'So,' I reply.

"'If trouble come to him—de Chinese will pay for it; for has de Kaiser not said that a German subject shall be protected wherever he is found? And in particular has he not spoke of his duty to protect the German brother whose egglesiastical duties takes him into distant lands? If this young man will be rash it is a pity, but de seed of de martyr is de blood of de church, and perhaps other things, too.'

"I look at him with some amazement.

"'Well,' he says sharply, 'what if he will get killed? He will get killed, that is all! They are a very turbulent race there. I know of them. I have some business there, and I hear how easy de disturbance arise from my agents.'

"'Mein Gott——' said I, but he would not let me finish.

"'Why, what are you thinking, my dear sir? I only says things as they come in my head. And we are interested—we are both interested—for if it were possible to get this Ching-Ling-Chau Concession there would be de whole of Quangwang opened up—and what dividends—what dividends! But probably they will be afraid to touch de young man. We need not worry about him—no—no. He probably will be safe, though it is a dangerous country.'

"That was somewhere in de beginning of de year, and for some time nothing happens. We have been very busy anyway with de Concession, for there were many adverse influences as there always is in de real politik. So, for some time I hear nothing more of George Elbers and his wife. I hear nothing and it all pass from my mind. Then one day I see in de bank a pretty young woman—ah, very pretty. She had come for money, and as I pass I hear her give her name for Mrs. George Elbers. Then I stop.

"'Your husband,' I ask; 'how is he?'

"'Oh, you know him?' she say, turning very quickly.

"'A liddle,' I answer.

"'I am so glad,' she reply, de tears almost in her eyes coming. 'In this lonely place it is so goot to talk with one who knows him.'

"'And how is he?' I ask.

"'Oh!' she reply, 'he is so well, and he has had no trouble at all, and I am to go there with him at once.'

"'So,' I say. 'It is wonderful.'

"'You do not understand,' she say. 'They would not hurt him. He would have a way of making them love him, you may be sure.'

"'It is very remarkable,' I repeat.

"Again that evening I see old Von Steinmetz at de club once more. That pretty face had stuck in my mind and it come back to me and so I tell him. As soon as I had spoke up he starts very sudden.

"'She will go to join him!' he cry. 'No!'

"'That was what I was thinking,' I say. 'It would not be well.'

"For you must remember it was a very dangerous district, and these Chinese devils, you cannot trust them—oh—not at all.

"'You have had some news?' ask Von Steinmetz.

"'I hear,' I reply, 'that the native population is much excited, and no matter what de young woman say it would be a pity.'

"'It would be a pity,' repeat Von Steinmetz slowly; 'and useless—— No—no—it is not de place for de young woman just now, for——' He glanced about, but some more mens enter. 'Well, now, and you will see to this yourself.'

"So de next day I have de young woman come to de bank. When she enter I could see she was anxious, and she was hardly come through the door when she say:

"'Oh, there is nothing happened?'

"'Nothing—nothing at all, my dear,' I answer with a reassuring voice. 'Nothing in the least. Only I wish to advise you to put off perhaps this liddle journey of yours for just a short time.'

"'Oh, but you do know something!' she cry.

"'No—no—no,' I say, soothing as possible. 'It is just you never can tell.'

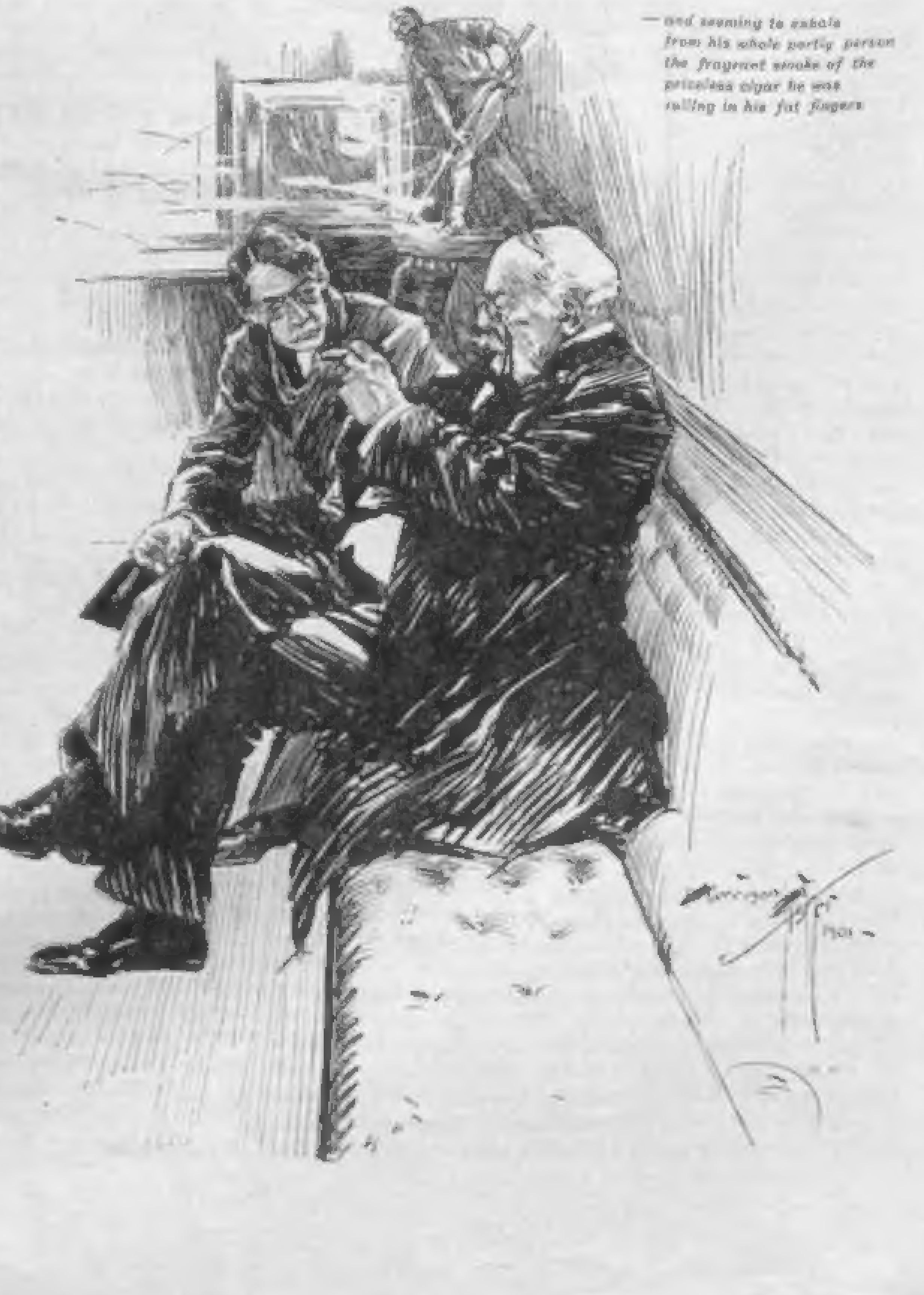
"'But he said,' she replied, as firm as you please, 'I can come, and I go.'

"'He may not know,' I continue. 'I have friends who understand this country well. I advise that you stay.'

"Well, she will not hear of it. But when it comes to go, then she finds it difficult. It was very strange, but there was no means by which she could go. Oh, yes, so far as there was de zivilization; but no farther. It was very curious, but there were not even de Chinese that would make up de expedition to take her to de country where her husband was. She did find one or two, but, very remarkable, they would almost at once from sight be lost."

The narrator paused contemplatively for a moment, placidly folding his hands before him.

"Then it was that we hear de news of what happens," he resumed; "so you see it was as well that de young wife did not go. De word it came first from our correspondents at Chang-Kung, de nearest place—but some hundreds miles



—and seeming to exhale from his whole portly person the fragrant smoke of the priceless cigar he was rolling in his fat fingers from de scene of de disturbance. There had been de usual feeling growing—growing—and then a riot and de house of de missionary burned and de missionary and all de converts quickly killed. I go at once to tell Von Steinmetz.

"'It has happened as you say,' I concluded. 'You are a prophet.'

"'It was what I thought—we might expect,' he say slowly. 'Now, of course, de first is to inform de Embassy.'

"'And de young wife?' I say.

"'You will do for her what you can,' say Von Steinmetz, thinking of something else.

"But I have seen that young woman and I care not for de undertaking. I could almost pretty well tell how she would feel and what she might say. De world gives me no credit for those finer feelings, but I was very, very sorry for de poor young thing. I go to see her myself, and when I find her where she lives, with some other mission people, very carefully, I think—oh, very, very carefully—I break the news to her. But in a moment it seems she know.

"'He is dead,' she say low and quiet.

"I expect she faint or she cry out or something, but no; she just stood growing whiter and stiffer, it seemed. Then she said very slow and steady:

"'You knew this.'

"'Aber, Mein Gott,' I cry, 'how could I do that?'

"'You would not let me go,' she continued. 'Oh, it would have been kinder to let me go and be killed, too.'

"To such foolishness I could say noting.

"'Oh, why did you not?' she cry; and then she go on fiercely: 'Do you think I want to live now?'

"'Quiet yourself,' I say. 'It is a blow, but you are young.'

"Then now she throw herself down on a chair with her face hid, and remain without motion.

"'And all is being done that can be done,' I stumbled on, for with all my experience this was new to me. 'There will be a reparation made—de Government will demand it.'

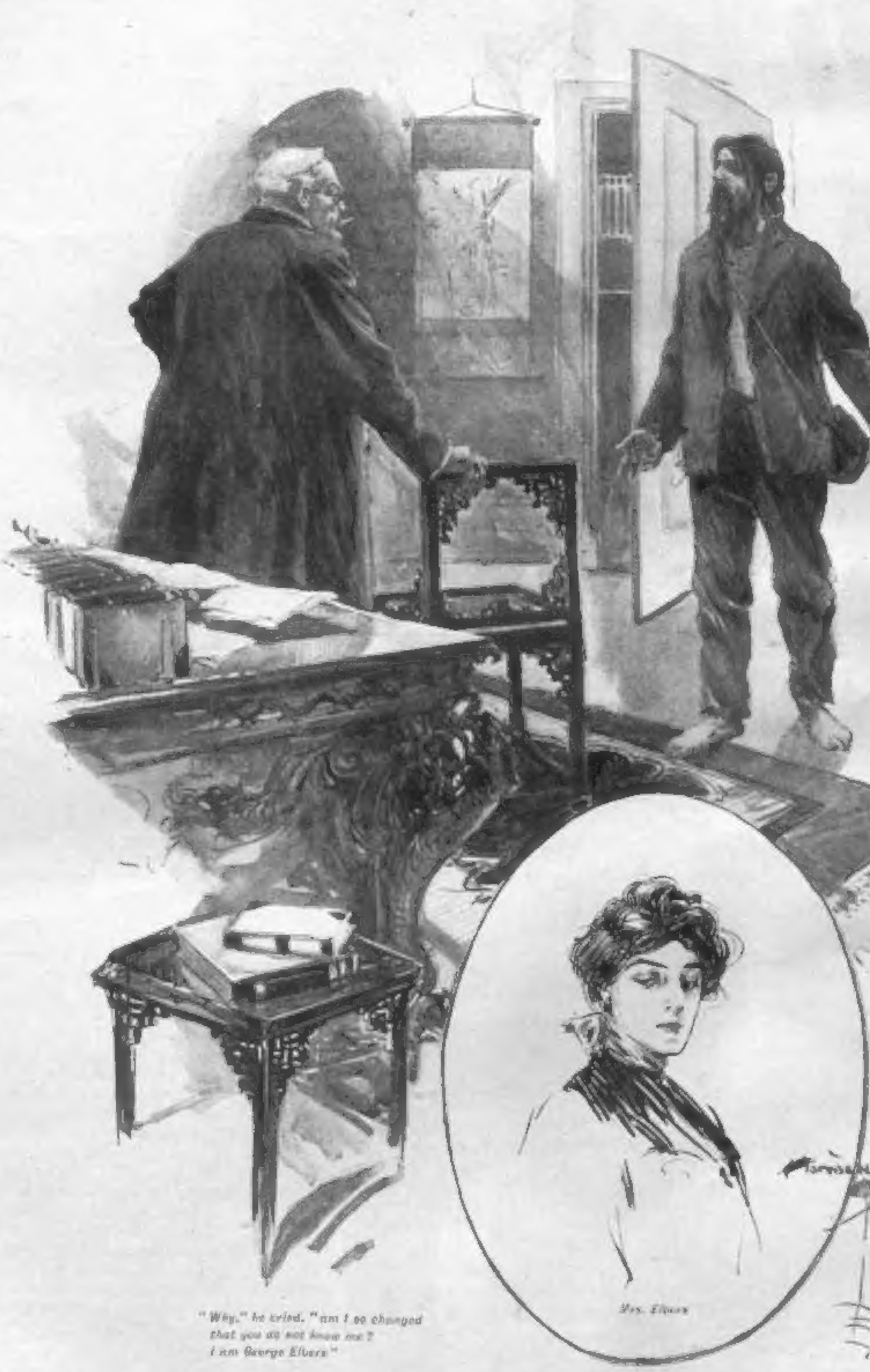
"But she does not speak.

"'I wish to do all I can for you,' I say, 'if there is anything you will communicate.'

"And I back myself out; but my heart bleed for that young woman, and that is de truth. I keep myself informed through de people with whom she is, but for a long time they say she hardly move or spoke. It seems as if something is broke—de wheels of life do not go on. But Time—Time—it will help, I think. We must trust, as in all else—to de Time. And I was very busy. We have at once informed de Embassy and then at once de Embassy bring de matter to de Tsung li Yamên. And then there was times. De Embassador he demand reparation and de Tsung li Yamên it promise and put off and put off and promise.

"Ah, you do remember all there was in de newspapers everywhere. How this matter of de murder of de Rev. George Elbers becomes a question of international politik. All de other nations they say de German nation ask too much—and then is de influence brought with de Chinese Government that de demands be not granted. And yet all de German Embassador with great reason demanded is that a sum of t'irty t'ousand taels be given to de widow, and to prevent furder disturbance in de Province of Quangwang de Concession be given to de Ching-Ling-Chau Railway so de country be more easily controlled. But de Tsung li Yamên, of course, object. Then de Embassador he becomes more firm. De Chinese, as is their way, make promises. De German Government demand something more than so many assurances. Then de Tsung li Yamên assure again. But by this time de Emperor have himself taken a hand.

"Ah, you remember de telegram he sent: '*De German prestige must be upheld, and I shall exact reparation with de mailed fist.*' That startle them a bit, but still they promise and promise. Then de Kaiser he make a demonstration. Two German warships of de first class appear before Kiaochow. That settle it. De Tsung li Yamên has nothing more to say. De Ching-Ling-Chau Concession is granted. De district of Quangwang is added to de German sphere of influence."



"Why," he cried. "am I so changed that you do not know me? I am George Elbers"

Mrs. Elbers

"So, you know all that. Well, it was not for that I was telling you, for now it comes, de curious part of de story, that will show you what remarkable things will happen. It was but a liddle after, when we had got de first work of construction under way—de first issue of de stock was bid for t'irty-two times over on de Bourse in Berlin in one day—it was at this time that I was again back in Hongkong. I was feeling pretty goot with myself and de world, for all this have gone so as I wish. I had quite forgot about de Rev. George Elbers that he was de cause of all these events, and about his wife, when one day—well, one day again I was in the bank sitting when I hear a disturbance. There was an altercation of some kind, clearly, and I wait, expecting that it would finish; but no, it goes on. Then I go to see what it is, and I behold the bank porter, who makes remonstrances with an individual that wishes to pass through de liddle swinging door coming to my office. At a glance I see de person is of de most wretched appearance, with torn and dirty clothes, and no covering for his feet nor his head. Then I look again and I tell de porter to let de man pass. He is just a liddle astonished naturally as I lead de stranger into my office. Then when I had shut de door I turn and face de man and look—well, you believe me, he was de very living image of that George Elbers! This man's hair had grown to his shoulders, and where George Elbers he had no beard there was with this man one growing over his chest. And he was dirty—but it was most remarkable how he still looked like George Elbers. Never have I seen such a resemblance—and still I knew it could not be so, for was not George Elbers killed and burned in that house by de natives!

"'Who are you?' I ask; 'and what you want?'

"'Why!' he cried, 'am I so changed that you do not know me? I am George Elbers.'

"At that I laugh a liddle.

"'What games will you play with me?' I answer. 'George Elbers was killed.'

"'But I was not,' he insisted. 'Oh, I might have been. I do not know how it happened, but I was taken away just before de trouble began.'

"I smile with unbelief.

"'It was all quiet enough for a time,' he went on. 'And I was on de best of terms with de peoples. Then come some ones stirring trouble. And they succeed. Where there was peace and quiet before there was all hard feeling. Then there was an outbreak. They began to kill de converts—and I am taken by a party and carried to de mountains. They keep me there, and I have just made my escape.'

"Then he pause in his talk and look at me.

"'You expect any one to believe this story?' I ask.

"'Why not?' he answered with anger. 'Why should I tell it if it were not true? For I am George Elbers.'

"'Oh, you expect also that I will believe this when it is well known that George Elbers is dead and that his death have made de international complication so de German nation has demanded and obtained compensation for the outrage!'

"'Oh,' said he; 'you mean that having got a price for me dead I cannot come to life again?'"

"'Ah,' I say. 'But you are not George Elbers; you must remember that.'

"'You will see if I am not,' said he.

"'You will see if you are,' said I, chuckling, for de situation was not without its points of humor as I look at it.

"'I understand now,' he go on; 'you send to stir up de disturbance, and as you do not quite care to have me killed you have me put out de way expecting to keep me there.'

"'What imagination!' I reply. 'It is a poet you should be.'

"'I understand,' he continue most sarcastic. 'I thank you, though it is not through your help I am here.'

"'Why, my dear young man,' I say; 'what care I where you be?'

"'I understand you do not want George Elbers to come back to life,' he declare.

"'But since you are not George Elbers——' I reply with patience.

"'Where is my wife?' he asked with suddenness.

"'How do I know where your wife is,' I say; 'or if you have a wife?'

"'If you will not tell me I will find out.' He turns to go, but I catch him by his sleeve.

"'Stop!' I cry. 'Not so hasty, my friend! I see you are not in de best of circumstances. I must do something for you.'

"'Well,' said he, breaking away. 'I'm not to be bribed.'

"'Ah, so,' I remark, letting him go. 'But I have a charitable heart. You will come back to me.'

"With that he was gone. At once I seek out Von Steinmetz and I tell him.

"'You say to me that you did not recognize him?' he said slowly.

"'Of course,' I say, 'I tell you I do not know who he is.'

"'How should you?' de old rascal go on, 'when George Elbers is dead? Well, if you do not recognize him, who have seen him several times, it is not likely that others at de Embassy who have only seen him once, twice, will do so. And,' he concluded, 'perhaps it was well that George Elbers is dead, for it might make some trouble if he returns to life after what has happened. De Tsung li Yamên might object.'

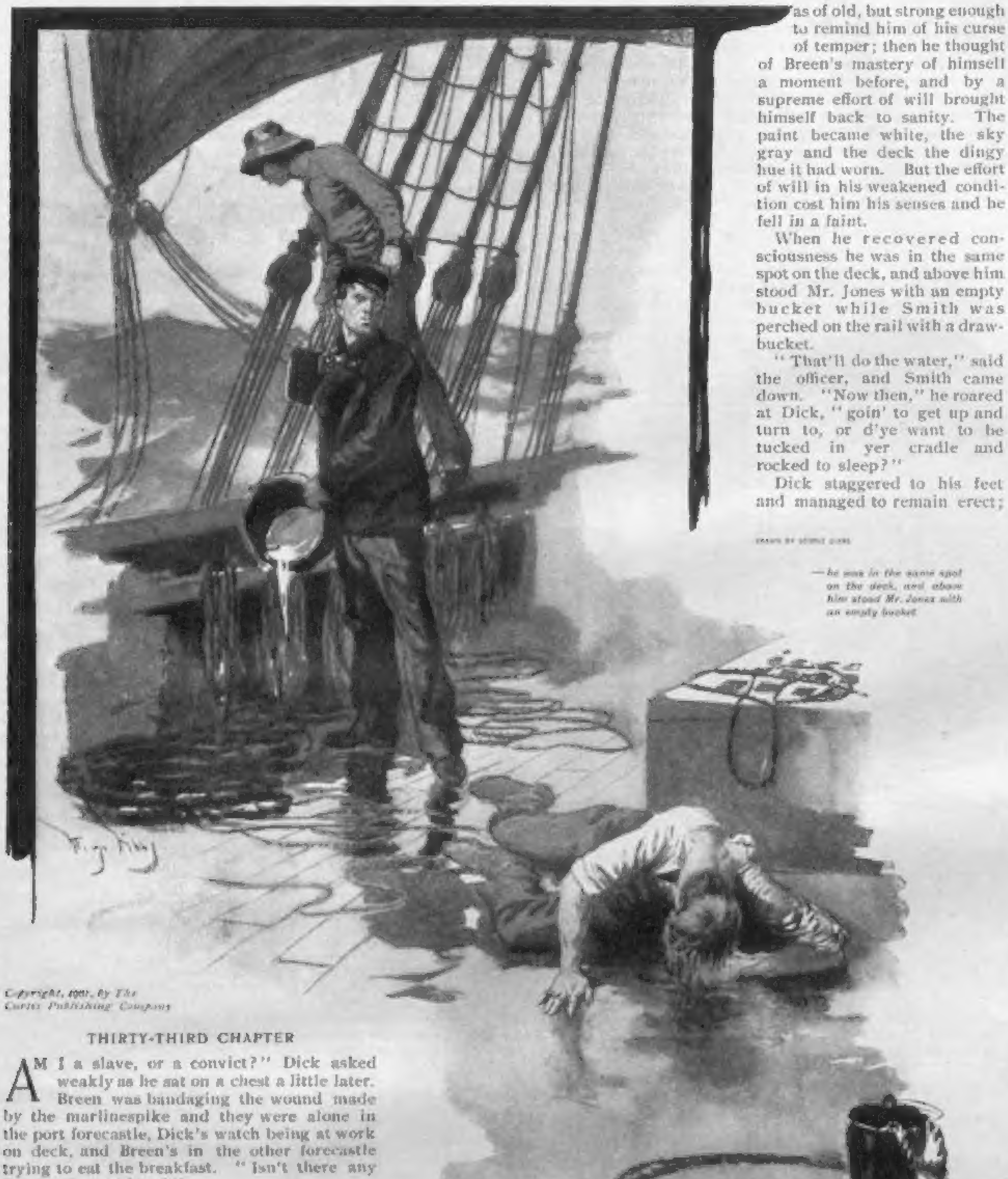
"De first thing I know this impositor that look so like George Elbers would do would be to go to de Embassy—so I keep my eyes open and my ears. For some time I hear noting. Then one day I meet an attaché at de club.

"'Do you know,' he say, 'there is a fellow been to see de Embassador who claims to be that George Elbers?'

"'So,' I say. 'De Embassador must have been very angry that he should try such an imposition.'

(*Concluded on Page 24*)

Masters of Men *By* Morgan Robertson



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

—he was in the same spot on the deck, and above him stood Mr. Jones with an empty bucket

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THIRTY-THIRD CHAPTER

"AM I a slave, or a convict?" Dick asked weakly as he sat on a chest a little later. Breen was bandaging the wound made by the marlinespike and they were alone in the port forecastle, Dick's watch being at work on deck, and Breen's in the other forecastle trying to eat the breakfast. "Isn't there any law for these things?"

"Plenty of law, but little justice," answered Breen with a hard look on his face. "Thank your good luck that you didn't get it between the eyes. You know something now about the kind of men they are, don't you? The mate thought nothing of flooring you on mere suspicion, and if he had killed you would have thought as little. Same with the skipper. Very well. When we get our chance we'll shoot; it's the only way. Hush—here's somebody."

The burly form of the second mate darkened the door, and his unpleasant voice said:

"Come now, come now, goin' to soger all the watch? Come out o' that and turn to."

"Just a minute, sir," answered Breen with assumed cheerfulness. "I'll have him ready when I've knotted these ends. He's lost blood, and he's weak, sir."

"What guff ha' you got about it?" Mr. Jones stepped in and advanced upon them. "Don't gi' *me* any o' yer slack." He struck open-handed at the Ensign's face with force enough to stretch him out on the floor; then he collared Dick and held him while Breen scrambled to his feet. The play of emotion on Breen's disfigured face was unpleasant to see, and he looked wildly about him. Perhaps it was well for all three that there was not a knife, club or implement in the forecastle. He looked Mr. Jones squarely in the eyes for a moment, then looked down and said quietly, but with the same tremble of rage in his voice that had marked his protest to the carpenter:

"I was only stopping the blood, sir, so that he wouldn't get weaker."

"Dry up, ye farmer!"

He marched Dick at arm's length to the door and actually kicked him through it. Dick fell in a heap without, and as he painfully sat up, then stood up, he saw, faint and bloodless as he was, the old reddish tinge creep over the sky, the deck and the white paint-work about him—not so brilliant as of old, but strong enough to remind him of his curse of temper; then he thought of Breen's mastery of himself a moment before, and by a supreme effort of will brought himself back to sanity. The paint became white, the sky gray and the deck the dingy hue it had worn. But the effort of will in his weakened condition cost him his senses and he fell in a faint.

When he recovered consciousness he was in the same spot on the deck, and above him stood Mr. Jones with an empty bucket while Smith was perched on the rail with a draw-bucket.

"That'll do the water," said the officer, and Smith came down. "Now then," he roared at Dick, "goin' to get up and turn to, or d'ye want to be tucked in yer cradle and rocked to sleep?"

Dick staggered to his feet and managed to remain erect; but he could not speak, and things looked hazy and indistinct to him, the second mate's huge figure being nothing but an opaque blur. Then a second blur moved into his imperfect circle of vision and he heard the Captain's voice.

"You blunderin' fool," it said. "You all-fired senseless idiot, are you tryin' to kill this man jess 'cause ye know how? Don't ye know when a man's had enough, or will ye ever know anythin'? I've watched ye for the last ten minutes bullyraggin' a man already under control, with the rest o' yer watch sogerin' around doin' nothin' and everythin' shakin' aloft. 'Tend to yer knittin' now or I'll have no more o' ye."

Mr. Jones took a hurried look around and aloft, and left them; and Captain Bilker regarded Dick who, dripping wet and shivering, with face pale as death and his bandage resting on one shoulder, was holding to the pinrail for support.

"What's yer name?" he asked.

"R-R-R-ichard Halpin—R-Richard Billson, sir—Richard H. Billson, sir."

"Well, Richard H. Billson, are you the man that crippled my mate?"

"N-no, sir," stuttered Dick. "I never saw him before this morning. I was in my bunk when that happened, sir."

"How bad are ye hurt?"

"Scalpwound, Capt'n; but I'm weak—I can hardly stand."

"Go to yer bunk. Peel off them wet clothes, and I'll send the steward forrard wi' some medicine to keep down the fever. Take it, and don't turn to till ye feel like it. Yer no lazy man's clerk, I can see, and I don't want any sick men 'board my ship."

"Thank you, sir."

Breen, who had remained awake, assisted him into his bunk, and the steward came forward with hot water, bandages and medicine and ministered unto him with the result that he slept through three watches, awaking at supper time still weak and nerveless, but clear-headed and with appetite to enjoy his supper. It was cold boiled beef and hard bread; but, not being more than a year old, it was palatable.

He found Breen sitting on the fore hatch staring into the blackness under the topgallant forecastle. He inquired as to Dick's health, then pointed under the forecastle.

"See it?" he said. "Split it all this afternoon and piled it—all by myself, too. I'm proud of it—I really am. I like to look at it. It fascinates me. And the cook gave me a piece of pie. Here's your half." He handed Dick a small wedge wrapped in paper.

"No, no," protested Dick with a laugh. "It's good, of course, but I'm filled up, and, anyhow, I'm more accustomed to junk and hardtack than you."

"Take it," commanded Breen sternly. "Do you think I've resisted the temptation to bolt the whole piece for a whole hour to weaken now? Eat it. Consider it an order."

Dick ate the pie.

"I thought for a moment this morning," continued Breen, "that I couldn't hold my luff—when that brute hit me. But I did; we've got to submit and be ready to act together."

"How did it affect you?" asked Dick. "Do you ever see red when you're angry?"

"No; do you?"

"Very often. I did this morning when he booted me out; but I was too far gone to do anything. I generally go crazy."

"Bad. That's when men do murder. A weakness of the vascular system—I heard a lecture about it once—certain nerve centres fail to act, and there's a rush of blood. But it's all under control of the will. Just hold your temper."

"I did try this morning, and it didn't last but a second or so. But I dropped."

"Keep on trying. You've got to, anyway, and it'll do you good. You're too good a man to hang."

"What do you think of the skipper's action in sending me below? He can't be a whole brute."

"No man is a whole villain, or a whole saint. We're mixtures. It was good business to give you a chance; but he'll kick you himself, if he thinks it necessary, just as often as would your friend Pig. He kicked me right off the poop; but perhaps he wouldn't waste any kicks that were needed elsewhere."

"And what do you think of the cook? Is he sorry for you?"

"Not a bit—he's a corruptionist. He's as nervous as Chips—and ten times more of a cutthroat and coward. That pie was a bribe. I'm to watch the carpenter and post the cook about his intentions. Begun already. Told him Chips was sharpening his broadax and means to split his head open."

"He can't have any love for me. I'm surprised that he hasn't made some kind of a break my way. What do you want me to do if he comes for me with that knife?"

"Run. Your legs are long. But I think he won't bother you. He's a spiteful devil with murder all through him; yet he's a rank coward, and when I told him you'd killed a colored man in Charleston, another in New Orleans, and had cleaned out a New York street gang he expressed great curiosity, and wanted to know if you were down on all his race, or merely him. Told him you were not particular whom you killed as long as it was a colored man. Questionable business for a naval officer to be in, but—all's fair in love and—hell-ships."

Dick smiled weakly in the darkness, and both were silent for an interval; then Breen spoke, slowly, as though to himself: "'All's fair in love and war,' they say; yet there are some things that are not fair—which are decidedly unfair."

Dick waited for more, but nothing more came. Then he thought, for the first time since the drugging, of his own unworthy position—that it was on his account alone that this well-bred young gentleman was in the forecastle of an outbound ship, sawing wood for a negro cook.

"I know what you refer to, Mr. Breen," he said; "and believe me, I'm sorry; I wouldn't have had it happen for the world."

Breen faced him squarely in the darkness, but there was no light for Dick to note the expression of his face.

"I know I was a fool," Dick went on, "an insolent fool; and after putting it in your power to have me court-martialed I found that you preferred chasing me through sailor-town to help me."

"Oh," said Breen with a long breath. "That's what you mean? I wasn't thinking of that. And don't apologize, Halpin—Billson, I mean. We're getting along first rate now, and perhaps we can get to be good friends. There's much about you that I like and admire. But when I followed you that evening I hated you a little bit more than I ever expected to hate a fellow-man. I didn't do it for you, but for Miss Arthur. And I don't know but I'd do it again if she asked me to."

It is not pleasant to hear of being hated, even though the hatred is dead. Dick did not answer, and the two sat silently on the hatch, staring mechanically at the white sheen of the wood-pile forward of the windlass, each busy with his thoughts. What Breen's were Dick could not guess; his own were tinged at first with jealous satisfaction that he was hated because of Mabel's interest in him; then he thought wholly of her—the splendid, womanly girl who could so strangely influence them both—who had held his heart through the years of absence, and who could dominate this strong man at his side; then he thought, with growing appreciation, of the rare character of this man, who, sensitive and sore, hating him, could yet risk life and liberty in his behalf—and do it cheerfully. Would he have done as much for Breen? His brain said yes, and his heart said no. The comparison forced upon him another query: Which was worthier of this girl? and his head alone answered

'He is a gentleman: I throw pea soup at a cook and run.'

Faintly over the washing of the sea alongside and the soughing of the wind aloft came the "wheesh-wheech" of the cook sharpening his knife, and Breen aroused himself with a shiver

"Next time you douse him, drown him. Hold his head in it."

Which goes to show that a gentleman, firmly established, may make occasional excursions—and Dick understood

THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER

AT EIGHT BELLS Mr. Thorpe resumed charge of his watch; and, as Sawyer had proven himself capable, he was transferred to the port watch under Mr. Thorpe, while the second mate went back to the starboard watch. This promised to relieve Dick of a good share of abuse from Pig, but promised additional trouble for Breen, who already had earned the personal dislike of the Captain and carpenter, and now must bear with a watch officer who disapproved of him.

But Dick found that the tall, mild-eyed, good looking first mate was a past-master of an art in which Pig was a bungling beginner. While the broad-shouldered and heavy-fisted young ruffian would balk at no foul word or epithet, and with undoubted courage would assault the men, singly or collectively, on the slightest provocation, Mr. Thorpe, standing still in one spot, with his better arm in a sling and only a belaying-pin in his boot to emphasize his remarks, did more, in the eight to twelve watch that night to lessen Dick's self-esteem than had any other influence which had come into his life. The mate's orders were correct—loudly spoken when necessary, soft as a mother's murmur when the men were near; but there was vitriol in the tone, and menace in the slight dropping of his left shoulder and stiffening of the arm toward the implement in his boot. Yet it was not this—not these physical and visible manifestations of power—which could be met with like manifestations more or less successfully; it was the colossal egotism of the man—the innate and aggressive belief in himself, in his sacredness and necessity to the world; it was his supreme contempt for these animals whom he was forced to oversee, a contempt which seemed to find expression in resentment that they bore the shape of human beings, and dared to think, speak and suffer in a human way. He used but little profanity, and only once had recourse to the belaying-pin—when Winskel, the Russian, unwittingly passed to windward of him. For this breach of nautical etiquette he felled him senseless—prone upon his back. Then he calmly stepped upon him as he walked forward a few paces to order Wagner aloft to the mizzen royal. Dick escaped individual attention that watch, but went to his bunk at eight bells wondering dimly if he were or were not Dick Halpin, seaman gunner—cock-of-the-walk in the old Vermont

At four in the morning, under the topgallant forecastle Breen, in a choking rage, informed him that he had successfully run the gauntlet of the sleeping first and third mates and the steward, only to find the door between the forward and after cabin locked from the Captain's side. Then, on his way out, he had been seen by the wakeful steward, who arose from his berth, followed him, and bore witness to Mr. Jones on the poop that he had caught him stealing the officers' night lunch from the cabin table. Whereupon Mr. Jones had called him aft and forcefully rebuked him

"Still," said Breen as he rubbed his sore spots, "it's better that the steward thought I was after the lunch. I'll try again. All I want is one gun and the drop. I'm sorry now that I didn't hold to my wheel. It would be easy some quiet night to leave it and run down the after companion."

"I could do that," answered Dick eagerly; "but, so far," he added dubiously, "the first mate hasn't left the poop. Sawyer attends to everything forward."

"You would go down, search the skipper's room and secure his pistols, would you not?"

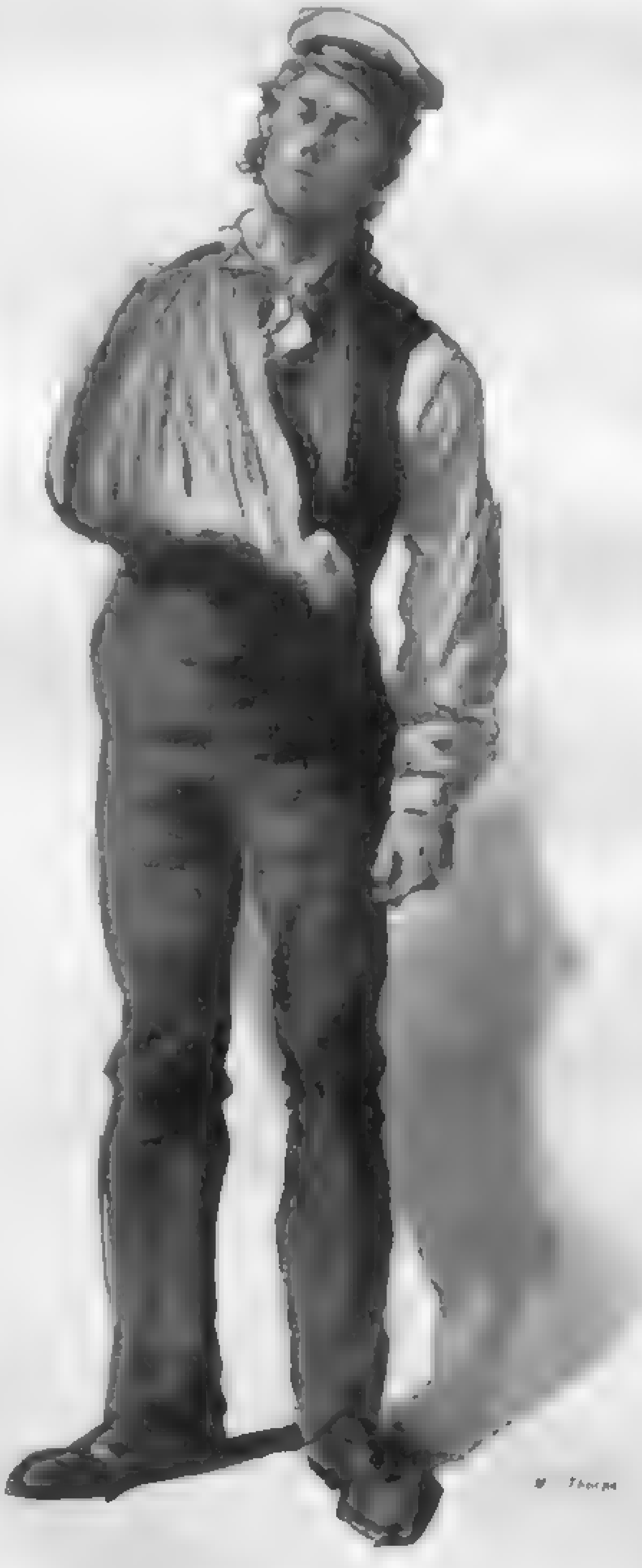
"Why—yes."

"I should necessarily be forward, perhaps asleep. You would not have time to finish the search and take your wheel again—the ship would come up or fall off and you would be discovered, even though you succeeded in finding the guns. You would have to shoot your way forward to waken me. You would have to drop the first and third mate—for Sawyer is conscientious—you would waken the skipper with the noise and you would have to drop him, too. Though the steward would be an easy problem, forward are the carpenter and cook, besides the watch on deck. Good luck might carry you through, but—how often must I remind you of your status under the law—of your proximity to the gallows? If you failed to reach me with shots enough left in the pistols to finish the job and overawe the crew you would go in irons, if not killed; and unless I repeated the feat and succeeded where you failed I could not save you. You are a sailor before the mast, and the law of your country has placed a halter around your neck, only waiting for action on your part to draw tight the knot—and hang you."

"But why—how," asked the puzzled Dick, "how would it be different if you tried it and failed? You would go in irons, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, but I am a commissioned officer of the United States Navy. I could convince any consul, or commissioner, and save myself, though I cannot convince ignorant brutes like these. But it does not follow that I could save you. Both in the navy and in the merchant marine a sailor is denied the right of self defense: more certainly is he denied the right to take the initiative in assault. You leave this to me. When I get the drop, do as I tell you, and you will be safe

He went below; and until coffee time Dick paced the deck apart from his watchmates, wondering at this new phase of class distinction—half inclined to doubt Breen's premises. But his intense earnestness, and evident acquaintance with maritime law, with the dominating egotism of that tall man on the poop, finally decided the point for him. The mate would not so dispassionately have felled him unless sure of his ground: the Ensign would not so strongly insist on caution unless sure of the law and its workings. He had been willing to admit the intellectual and social superiority of Breen, and was now compelled to admit his legal advantage over him. Was it from fault of his own? No he had expended every energy to make himself what he was—to transform the weak and undersized boy to a trained seaman of the navy. But he was of value only in the navy. Nothing but a war with another naval power would give him a chance for a commission, and war was far away from the United States. He must quit the sea, live on land, and learn something not included in the tutelage of a seaman apprentice. To quit the sea he must safely finish this passage; and to do so required that he exercise self-control and moderation of speech and manner. He must follow the good advice of Breen, who knew all that he must learn to make himself a gentleman, but who, probably, never had thrashed an enemy in his life.



THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

IN THIS frame of mind he went to the galley door to get the coffee when, at three bells, the cook's rasping voice had apprised the watch that it was ready. Perhaps it was because Dick was the nearest man to the galley that induced the cook to place the coffee-pot on the brick flooring far enough from the door to compel a man reaching for it to step over the sill. Perhaps it was accidental. Dick entered the galley bodily, one foot following the other over the sill, and as he stooped for the coffee-pot he heard a snarl from the cook at the stove amidships, and, "Get out o' my galley, yer no-'count trash. What you come in my galley fo'?" Then he received on his breast and shoulders the contents of a half gallon pot which had rested on the stove convenient to the cook's hand when he entered. It was boiling hot salt water, and a little of it splashed his cheek

With a furious cry of pain and rage he shrunk back, then—ethical distinctions flown to the winds—bounded across the galley after the cook, who picked up his knife on the way and retreated, still cursing, to the other door. Here Dick caught him; he wrenched the knife from his hands and tossed it away; then, frantic with pain, he gripped the black throat and squeezed to silence the vindictive voice—and remembered himself. He must not kill. Then came the thought that in this passion he had seen no red, and again he gave rein to his rage; but he simply held the inert cook by the collar, and with his free fist pounded his face until it lost some of its characteristics. He was interrupted by Sawyer, who caught his hand

"What for, Billson?" he asked

"Scalded me," answered Dick, choking with pain. "Scalded me for stepping into the galley after the coffee. Feel my shirt—it's hot yet

Sawyer investigated. "You'll be all of a blister. Let go the nigger. Get some paint oil and rub yerself. I'll see the old man and tell him 'bout this business when he turns out

The negro sputtered a parting threat at Dick as he slunk to his stove, and Sawyer supported Dick to the forecastle, for he was still weak from the loss of blood he had suffered the day before. Here his watchmates, who had secured the coffee, assisted in removing his shirt and anointing his blistered shoulders with oil. He did not replace the shirt, for though the oil relieved the smarting, still there was enough of agony in the mere pressure of a passing breath of air to make him wish for death itself rather than suffer contact with harsh flannel. He sat on a chest and drank his coffee, and when the others had filed out to begin washing down the deck he still sat there, waiting for the Captain to turn out, when, in humanity's name alone, he could expect relief from the medicine chest. But he reckoned without Mr Thorpe, who appeared at the door just after four bells had struck

"Your wheel?" he asked in a quiet voice

"Yes, sir," answered Dick, as evenly as was possible.

"Come out and take it. You're too fond of this forecastle. It's harder to get you out to your work than to run the ship. I've given you time enough to fix yourself up"

And thus was Dick taught the standard of fortitude required of the American merchant sailor. He did not assimilate the lesson at once—he was suffering too much, but as he steered his trick in bodily torment, enough of a dogged, helpless rage entered his soul to prevent his asking the Captain for remedies. And when the Captain, ill-humored before his breakfast, contemptuously stared him over in response to Sawyer's earnest plea, and said, "Steerin' all right, ain't he? Able to work? What more does he want?" he was glad that he had not, and was bitterly content.

He recovered as he could, while the Mary Earl traversed the first long leg of the zigzag which sailing craft steer going south, and, turning the corner, caught the southeast trade and sailed over toward the South American coast. But even while still a fit subject for a hospital, he was not immune from further ill treatment from his superiors. Sawyer never raised his hand, and seldom his voice, in dealing with the men, and found no trouble in being understood and obeyed, but each man of the crew, on an average of twice a week, suffered from contact with Mr. Jones' fists or boots, or from the left-handed use of Mr. Thorpe's belaying pin, and listened daily to Captain Bilker's profanely expressed bad opinion of them. Pig kicked Dick enthusiastically at first, then confidently and carelessly; and one day, having knocked him down, looked at him with an expression on his dull face born of an idea struggling into his brain

"Great Heavens," he said, "but ye can't be Redhead Halpin! That boy could fight a little bit"

"No," mused Dick when safely out of range. "I'm not. Perhaps I never shall be again."

Three times Breen reported failure to enter the after cabin before finally giving up the plan; and almost daily he reported some brutal happening of the night before, or some bungling mistake on Pig's part which had aroused the Captain and brought down his wrath.

"By all signs, Dick"—he had lately begun calling him thus—"he'll not last long as second mate. There may be a vacancy there. Sawyer'll be second mate, but the skipper may want a third mate"

"Perhaps not. The ship sailed without one, and Sawyer only got aft because the mate was laid up. But if Pig comes forward is there any reason why I shouldn't take him down a little further?"

"None—except that it would call attention to your powers as a scrapper. If the skipper really wanted a third mate, and we were sure of it, you might win the promotion by your fists, as I understand that is the usual way. But even then you couldn't get into the after cabin. No, let Pig alone until I get hold of a gun, or we resolve on a forlorn hope with handspikes. You're a well-licked, self-contained scrapper now—just the man to depend upon when the time comes."

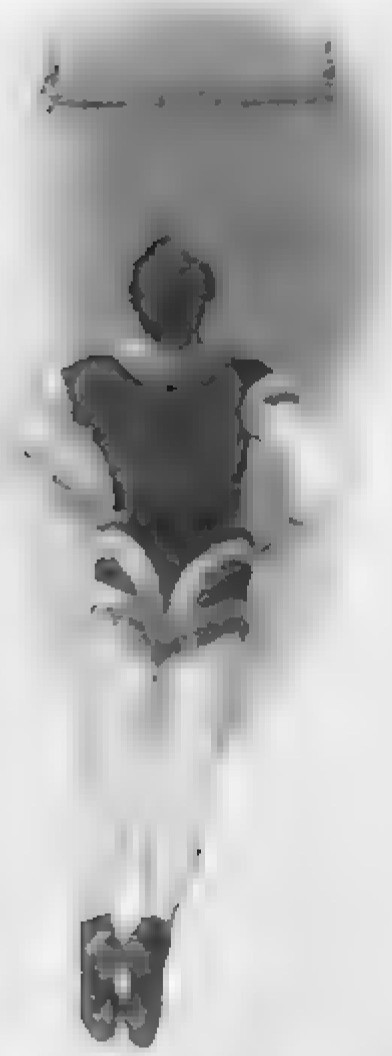
"As a last resort," said Dick thoughtfully, "I suppose we might, kindly and mercifully, disable the steward some night"

"I wouldn't hesitate—I'm hanged if I would—only, the little man never comes forward of the galley door after dark. How is your friend Chips coming on?"

"Good—or rather, bad. I think the tension is unsettling him. He called me into his shop the other day and showed me his nice, sharp broadax. He's using his whetstone on it now, and it'll cut a hair. He says the cook sharpens his knife all night, and it keeps him awake

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Aëronauts and Their Adventures



The perilous neck-hold, with the balloon rapidly ascending

THERE are modes and fashions in the perilous craft of ballooning as well as in the less venturesome and picturesque pursuits which hold sway upon the solid earth. The most recent and revolutionary movement among these voyagers of the upper air is a Simian invasion. The human aeronaut is in imminent danger of being driven from his professional eminence on the parachute bar by the nimble "bonnet" monkey; and the man balloonist, despite his brave show of tights and spangles, is finding himself supplanted by the hairy black-faced baboon.

To such a length has the Simian parachute performer made himself felt as a professional aeronaut that an effort to meet this novel demand in the amusement field has resulted in a genuine "corner" of the monkey market in the United States. Last season saw fully fifty of these clever creatures serving as "star" balloonists, and scores of them are now in training for the coming summer. Their popularity in this new rôle instantly became so pronounced that veteran aeronauts were driven to new extremes of daring in order to secure engagements, and the feeling became general in the ranks of the profession that it was small use to attempt to compete against monkey performers until the "craze" should lose something of its novelty.

The Originator of Monkey Aeronautics

A Chicago newspaper man, Mr. Paul D. Howse, originated the idea of impressing the versatile Simian into the ranks of the parachute specialists. He had been a close student of animals and had strong faith in the courage and talents of the monkey family. An amusement company saw the possibilities of his plan and he was authorized to put it into execution. How to release the parachute when the balloon had reached the proper height was one of the most difficult of the problems encountered, as this must be done automatically without the cooperation of the aeronaut. A "cut-off" trigger operated from the ground was impracticable. Finally the question was solved by the construction of a time fuse, ignited as the balloon left the earth and burning slowly until it cut the cord by which the parachute, with its odd voyager, was suspended.

Another perplexing problem was to provide for the safety of the monkey while in midair and for its release on reaching the earth. To tie the creature to the parachute was regarded as both a difficult and scarcely humane method. A shrewd knowledge of monkey nature solved this riddle, however. Knowing that the Simian will never voluntarily release his hold on a bit of choice food, Mr. Howse had the parachute fitted with a perpendicular bar into which was bored a hole just large enough to receive the open hand of a monkey. The jacket sleeve covering one arm of the monkey was stitched to its shirt; then, by holding a brazil nut on the other side of the bar the creature was easily induced to reach its free hand through the hole. Once the nut was placed in its grasp the fist became too large to be withdrawn through the hole and the monkey was as securely attached to the bar as if lashed in position. The shock and excitement of alighting on the ground, however, was found invariably sufficient to cause a relaxation of the hand, letting the nut fall and giving the monkey its freedom.

Many strange and picturesque experiences attended the introduction of the Simian as an aeronaut. The first balloon ascent by a monkey was made in Chicago, on June 15, 1900, at four o'clock in the morning, and was witnessed by only three persons, who were directly interested in the success of this new amusement feature. The monkey was a creature of remarkable intelligence which had performed successfully on the vaudeville stage. It did not display the slightest fear, and when it was picked up on reaching the ground it gave evidence of having greatly enjoyed its aërial trip. The announcements of its initial public appearance contained no hint of the Simian blood of the balloonist, the monkey being given the name of "Mrs. Murphy." The ascension was an artistic success, and from that time no specialist in the summer amusement field was able to boast having made so startling a hit as "Mrs. Murphy," the monkey aeronaut.

The Baboon that Scared the Lovers

One night, however, the Simian balloonist made a hit which was not down on the program or advertised on the boards. At the time of the ascension a bench in the public park was occupied by a pair of lovers who were enjoying the opportunity for a secluded tête-à-tête. Their thoughts were too pleasantly engaged to take note of their surroundings. Suddenly, as the young woman was listening with downcast eyes to the words of her companion, a scream of terror broke from her lips and she fell in a swoon. In the dim light the young man saw a creature of outlandish and horrible shape spring from the lap of the unconscious girl and leap away into the shrubbery. Before he could collect his confused faculties he heard the approach of heavy steps, and a moment later a panting policeman stood beside him demanding an explanation of the outcry. The figure of the unconscious young woman evidently suggested to the officer that he had come upon a tragedy just in the nick of time. Her escort offered the explanation that a terrible creature had dropped down out of the air upon the young woman's knees and had bounded away into the bushes as she screamed. This statement was so vehemently insisted upon that the officer began a cursory search of the bushes and soon stumbled upon the remains of the parachute. Then he listened and heard the plaintive squeaking of the monkey aeronaut, which was almost as badly frightened as the young woman whose lap had afforded a soft landing-place.

Other monkeys have been impressed into the ballooning service and all have had their share of adventures. One alighted on the roof of a house several miles from the place of its ascent and took refuge in the garret. Here he held high carnival and filled the chambers with ghostly noises to the terror of the human tenants. Hunger forced it to leave its refuge at night for purposes of forage, and the neighborhood soon acquired a lively reputation as a haunted district. Several persons caught glimpses, late at night, of the harmless fugitive, and a fifteen pound monkey at once assumed the proportions of a lion in the eyes of the terrified pedestrians who encountered it. The creature was finally found by a plucky little golf caddy in the loft of a club stable near the links.

But it remained for the veteran "Mrs. Murphy" to carry her professional activities into the field of domestic tragedy and social romance. From an ascension in a Western town she landed on the roof of a house when the family was at the dinner-table. Being decidedly social in her tastes, and having unbounded confidence in the whole human species, the creature nimbly climbed to an upper hallway window and descended the staircase, which was in full view from the table. As the eyes of the mistress of the house fell upon the strange figure of the little Simian balloonist standing upon the stairway landing, she gave a scream and nervously clutched the tablecloth for refuge. Above the crash of dishes was heard the laugh of the husband, who had seen the monkey and at once understood that it was undoubtedly the famous aeronaut. It is said that this incident was related in the course of legal proceedings for divorce which later disrupted the unhappy home into which the innocent and confiding "Mrs. Murphy" chanced to stray.

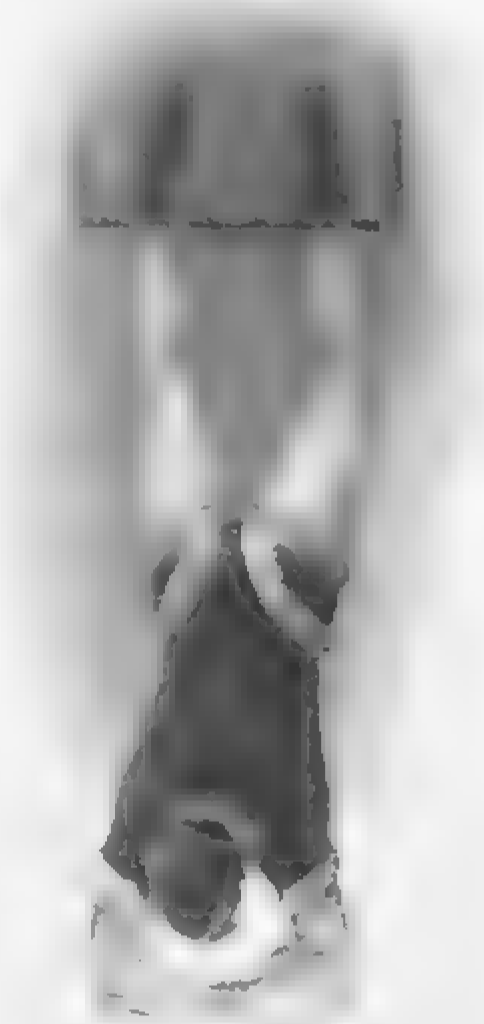
Black-faced baboons are preferred as Simian balloonists, being more tractable, intelligent, hardy and courageous than other members of the monkey tribe. Although accidents are few with monkey aeronauts, the death rate is high among them owing to the fact that a wetting is generally fatal. Exposure to a severe rain or the mishap of falling into a stream or a lake usually results in a fatal illness.

Dropping Men from Cannons in the Air

It is difficult for the imagination to suggest feats more daring than those to which the pressure of constantly increasing competition has of late years pushed the professional aëronaut. Of these the "cannon feat" reaches the climax of human recklessness. It presents a spectacle of picturesque and sensational bravado which chills the blood of the most indifferent spectator. Immediately below the balloon is suspended, in horizontal position, a huge wood cannon, having a bore of about twenty inches, large enough to admit the body of the aëronaut. Attached to the sides of the mammoth wood gun are smaller ones of metal, the muzzles of which point directly downward. These are loaded lightly with powder and with heavy charges of charcoal dust for the spectacular purpose of creating a dense cloud of smoke and dust when fired.

When the balloon is in readiness for the ascension, the aeronaut crawls head-foremost into the wood cannon and lies upon his back. Immediately above his hands is a push-button connected with a small battery circuit. Looped about each wrist and passing through the grip of the hand is a small but very strong cord passing to the parachute, which is folded in "accordion plaits" and packed at his head.

At a word from the prisoner in the big cannon the balloon is liberated and shoots upward with terrific swiftness. Meantime a man whose eye is skilled in measuring aerial distances is stationed on the ground, holding a revolver ready for discharge when the balloon reaches the desired height. From the moment of the release the mind of the aeronaut has but one concern: to catch the sound of the signal gun on the earth far below him. It is impossible for a hot air balloon to reach a height at which the discharge of a pistol fired directly below cannot be distinctly heard by an aëronaut on the trapeze bar, but this is more difficult to the man inside a cannon and lying on his back. The eyes of thousands of spectators are strained toward the sky as the great bag shoots upward, veering and swaying as it enters each air current. When the crowd has begun to feel that the balloon has reached so awful a height that the man on the ground does not dare give the signal, the latter lifts his revolver and fires. Instinctively the crowd surges, there is a sigh of the multitude, and then a breathless silence. Most of the upturned faces are white from fear and lips are tense with excitement. The [illegible] of the [illegible] shot have scarcely died away when a cloud of smoke is suddenly belched from the mouths of the small cannons in the upper air and the balloon is almost obscured by this black, billowing mass.



Hanging by the heels among the clouds

If the surprise of this fantastic cloud-effect momentarily diverts the thought of the spectators from the human interest of the act, it is only for an instant. A shivering cry from thousands of throats greets the awful spectacle which follows swiftly upon the appearance of the cloud. From out the centre of the black mass darts downward at terrible speed the form of the aeronaut. The people cringe in a spasm of dumb terror. For a second the parachute appears to be missing and the man is falling in sheer and unbroken descent. The fearful appearance of the spectacle is enhanced by the fact that the fall is not straight downward, but slanting. But, at last something flutters into shape above the falling man and the awful impetus of his descent is checked. As the crowd realizes that the parachute has unfolded its protecting wings, a shout of relief and triumph breaks from thousands of lips. Then comes another and still longer period of anxiety and suspense, for the aeronaut has yet to effect a safe landing. This done, a pulsating roar of applause rewards his achievement.

Mr. Harry La Thoma, a veteran balloonist who has made 256 ascensions, gives this characterization of the cannon act:

"The feeling which comes over a man as he leaves the muzzle of that cannon and shoots down through a thick cloud of smoke, at a height of about 3000 feet above the earth, is the greatest sensation that could be experienced. This is because he is literally swung out into space, his ascent being in a sidewise direction. He has, too, been in the dark interior of the cannon, and the sudden plunge into the brilliant light is abrupt and startling. Owing to the fact that his parachute has been packed into a very small space in the butt of the cannon, it does not unfold quickly. Sometimes a man drops fully 200 feet before the parachute begins to grip the air and break the velocity of his descent. The instant he begins to feel the hand-lines clutching and tugging at his wrists a fresh sensation of joy goes tingling through him, for he knows, as a matter of cold-blooded calculation, that there is always a chance that in some way the parachute will fail to act properly; of course he believes this chance is very remote or he would not take the risk of it; but he never fails to experience a thrill of joy when he knows that the chance of accident has again been safely passed. On the other hand, right at the most perilous moment, as he is spilled with a sidelong swing out of the cannon's mouth, the sensation is thrilling outside of all the elements of fear; it gives the greatest sense of freedom and of "go" that a man could possibly experience. In fact, it rather goes beyond the feeling of dropping a much greater distance when on a trapeze bar, with a parachute which is not released until a dead drop of several hundred feet has been made.

The Necessity of Examining Every Knot

"Afterthoughts don't count for much in this business. He must put all his safeguards in effect before he goes up — otherwise they will probably come out in the accounts of the inquest, but he'll not be interested in them. There are aeronauts who don't take the trouble to look at every knot and fastening themselves before they make an ascent; but I can't imagine one so foolhardy that he will fail to see with his own eyes that his trapeze bar is secure and that every line and hook of the mechanism by which the parachute is released from the balloon is in perfect working order."

The act of cutting off the parachute was formerly more dangerous than at present. Now the "'chute" hangs from the ring underneath the balloon and is released by "cut-off hooks," which are safe, secure and quick in action. In the old days the parachute hung at the side of the balloon, held by a slip knot. At the moment for making the descent the aeronaut, seated on the trapeze bar of the balloon proper, was obliged at almost the same instant to pull the cut off rope which released the parachute from the body of the balloon, to jerk free the knot holding the parachute bar within reach and to make good his hold upon the latter at the right moment. More than one balloonist, at such a moment, has seen the parachute swing free at the top but not at its lower fastening and turn bottom side up before he could leap from the balloon trapeze. To jump in such a manner as to clear the parachute and turn it completely over without tangling the lines is a delicate operation requiring fine courage and decision, in view of the fact that the slightest hitch involves certain death. This danger has been completely obviated by attaching the parachute, by safety cut-off hooks, to the ring beneath the balloon. Another danger which threatened the

Men and Monkeys in Mid-Air ◆ *By* Forrest Crissey

Hanging on by the toe-grip and surveying the house-tops

aeronaut whose parachute was attached to the side of the balloon bag was that of fire. One of the narrowest escapes ever experienced by an aeronaut illustrates this danger

Thousands of persons assembled at the fair grounds at Battle Creek, Michigan, on July 4, 1886 to witness an ascension by Mr. La Thoma. The spectators were massed in a natural amphitheatre, formed by a ring of hills In the very centre of this hollow had been erected scaffolding and apparatus for the discharge of a thousand dollars' worth of fireworks, the latter in position ready for discharge after the balloon ascent in the early evening. Here is the account of the tragic affair given in the words of the young aeronaut.

"All day I had struggled to shake from my mind the depressing recollection that just one year before, to a day, poor 'Jack' Hogan, from whom I had learned my profession, had missed his hold on the trapeze bar when at a height of about 500 feet, and had been instantly killed. His brother 'Ed.,' with whom I was associated in the Battle Creek engagement, shared my depression. I was anxious to have the thing over and looked to my ropes and fastenings with unusual care In each hand I held a Roman candle. These were lighted at the moment the balloon was released. The instant I shot upward I heard Ed. Hogan shout: 'She's on fire, Kid!'

"Instinctively I turned the Roman candles down and looked up. I realized that if the fire were on the side of the bag to which the parachute was attached I should have no more chance for my life than a spark from one of the candles would have of burning forever. But I could have yelled for joy when I saw the tiny tongues of flame on the opposite side of the great inverted bulb. There was still one chance in a hundred for me. Would the balloon last long enough to carry me to a height which would enable me to use the parachute? On that hung the whole problem of life or death! Suddenly, up from the earth below came the sound of a terrific explosion, followed by a roar of human voices and the crashing of boards and timbers. Instantly I realized what was taking place on the ground. Sparks from my candles had set off the whole mass of fireworks, and the great crowd of spectators had broken into a panic! For one second I took my eyes from the burning balloon and looked down. The scene was brilliant and awful. By the glare of the fireworks I could see the movements of the crazed and struggling mass of human beings. There I was, a hundred and more feet in midair, with a riot of flames of every conceivable color below me, and above my head another fire, on the outcome of which my own life depended. If any other man was ever caught in such a firetrap I have never heard of it! Two minutes. I knew, would tell the story. The flames were eating around to the side of the bag on which the parachute hung. To a man in the air, distances are very deceptive. He is inclined to believe himself higher than he really is, and I did not dare cut loose the parachute until I knew there was room enough in which to make the descent and check the force of my fall. With the cut-off rope in my hand I waited until the last second of grace came; then I jerked the slip-knots free, grabbed the parachute lines, and leaped out into space. The clutch of the lines, as the 'chute opened and began to take hold on the air, was the best feeling that I ever experienced. She dropped me gently to a safe landing-place, but I was limp as a rag when Ed. came to pick me up. My first question was about the panic, and my heart went down when I learned that scores of persons had been injured in the crush

Sailing Away with the Roof of a House

Not all the experiences of the aeronauts, however, are tragic. One made an ascent, in Michigan, in a monster gas balloon carrying 200 pounds of sand ballast, ten days' rations, 200 pounds of advertising matter, and a basket, which brought the total weight of the equipment up to 900 pounds. The currents of the upper air are often directly contrary to those prevailing on the earth. He was caught in a current which bore him northward and lakeward, and he wished to go south. During the first day and night up he unloaded all his ballast in an attempt to strike an opposing current, but without avail After being among the clouds for fifty hours, in the course of which he completely lost his reckoning, he pulled the valve and slowly the balloon descended

An open space was below him and he threw out his anchor line, tipped with a heavy four-pronged grappling hook. This tore up three fences but failed to make a secure anchorage He hoisted it just in time to miss a belt of woods, then dropped it again. Suddenly he saw that he was drifting directly in line with a little cabin. Once more he attempted to hoist anchor—but was just in time to set the hooks of the grapple firmly under the eaves of the roof. The balloon gave a quick jerk, a nervous shudder, and then the astonished aeronaut saw the roof lifted from the cabin as neatly as if it were the lid of a dinner bucket. The ground plan of the cabin was naked to his eye as if it had been built without a covering

When he effected a safe landing a mile beyond, the irate owner of the unroofed house was waiting for him, but was pacified by a payment of $200. As the aeronaut received $1600 for the ascension he was glad to get off with this settlement. In the course of his aerial wandering he reached a height of about four miles

The Adventure of the Man in the Democrat

Men who remain on terra firma have their share in the perils which attend ballooning. Such an experience attended an ascent made by Ed. Hogan, at Niles, Michigan. The balloon was inflated at the gas works just outside the fair grounds. To get the great bag inside the grounds was a difficult problem, as the gateway was covered with an arch and surrounded by trees A movable anchor was improvised in the form of a huge hardwood beam, tied below the trapeze bar. This was not heavy enough to keep the balloon from rising. Hogan climbed into the ropes at the ring, and about two dozen men placed their arms over the beam, bearing down upon it as they marched to a section of the high board fence on which a dozen villagers were waiting to assist in the transfer of the buoyant burden inside the grounds.

A few rods from this group stood a "democrat" wagon containing a venerable farmer and his wife, who had shrewdly calculated that they could see the balloon ascension as well from the seat of their wagon as from inside the inclosure. Their horse stood in the shafts of the wagon, comfortably munching oats from a peck measure. The men engaged in handling the beam evidently forgot, for the moment, that they were dealing with a timber which reversed the laws of gravitation and was prone to fall upward, instead of to the earth. Just as the anchor was being passed to the men on the fence it slipped from the hands which had held it and darted skyward Shouts of warning simply served to attract the attention of the spectators to the fact that the balloon was going up. Only the aëronaut realized the gravity of the situation. He deftly slid down the ropes from his perch in the cordage to the trapeze bar. A second later the big beam broke from its lashings and careened downward, directly toward the wagon in which the farmer and his wife were seated. They saw their danger, but before they could spring from the wagon the great timber struck with a blow that shook the ground—not crushing the wagon, but striking the horse squarely across the back! Although the farmer received a fancy price for the dead animal his interest in balloon ascensions suffered a complete collapse and he never witnessed another

Many odd superstitions attach to ballooning, one being that to touch an aeronaut who has come down from a successful ascent brings good luck. Often the performer who has finished his "act" finds himself the centre of a compact crowd, pressing in upon him with outstretched hands, eager to "touch the balloon man." Boarding-houses, especially in the smaller cities and villages, are glad to give the aëronaut free entertainment for the sake of the patronage he attracts. Herbert Darnell, a daring balloonist, was once routed out of bed at midnight by his host, who explained: "Aunt Prudy's drove fifteen miles, but got here too late to see the ascension. She says she won't go back until she has a sight of the feller that goes up in the balloon, and you might just as well come down and show yourself first as last." And the sleepy aeronaut was obliged to humor his belated caller with such grace as he could command!

Hanging by the insteps among the clouds

The Principal Danger of Ballooning

At present the chief dangers recognized by aeronauts are those of "slipping the bar" and making a bad landing. The trapeze bar is carefully wound at the "hand holds" with electric tape and the aeronaut's hands are rubbed with powdered resin before the ascent is made Some of the most terrible accidents in ballooning have been occasioned by the slipping of a bar pin. This peril is easily guarded against by the use of a bolt secured by a nut As a rule, an aeronaut will not make an ascension in a balloon from which a man has met his death or which has been associated with a severe accident, nor will he go up the thirteenth time in one week

The difficulty of effecting a safe landing is mainly due to the fact that, from the lofty viewpoint of the aeronaut, objects on the earth are blurred and indistinct. Especially is this true regarding the most dangerous obstacles—trolley, telegraph and telephone wires and poles, steeples and smoke-stacks. By tilting his parachute the aeronaut may very often govern its drift to a certain extent, provided he is not too close to the ground before attempting to change the direction. Ordinarily a parachute having a spread of thirty feet will open in a fall of fifty feet, and will be under control in a farther descent of seventy-five feet. It is not unusual for a balloonist to cut off his "controllable" parachute at a height of 5000 feet and not pull the cord which releases its inclosing band until within 1000 feet of the earth. He relies upon a man on the ground to judge the distances and give the signals by pistol shots. In making a descent on the trapeze bar of a parachute the aeronaut drops with his head down, the bar being "locked" under his knees by the safety grip known to all athletes and frequenters of gymnasiums. In this position he feels perfectly secure

Gas balloons are made of varnished silk, parachutes of eight-ounce ducking, and hot air bags of heavy muslin. The parachute resembles an umbrella top without ribs, braces or handle. Ropes run from the points to a central ring, below which is the trapeze bar or the hand lines. All the ropes are of the best quality, are carefully treated to a shrinking process and are thoroughly tested before being put into practical service. More recruits are taken into the ranks of the aeronauts from among circus trapeze performers than from any other source. Several notable balloonists have been chimney-sweeps and steeple-jacks, whose occupations have caused them to lose all fear or nervousness at dizzy heights

A season which leaves the expert aeronaut $2000 for his work is accounted successful, and many of them are content with half that amount.

"Mrs. Murphy," the monkey aeronaut, and the kitten which is her constant pet and companion

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 325,000 copies weekly.

The Loyalty and Value of West Point

A CENTURY old a year from now, West Point has again emerged from one of the semi-occasional storms that have threatened its life. The worst abuse the great war school ever suffered, perhaps, was during the earlier days of the struggle in which it so thoroughly proved its worth — the war for the Union. The liveliest discussion, probably, was that evoked during this more recent assault

In the sixties the outcry was against both its loyalty and its value. It was held, first, that it furnished more foes than defenders to the flag; second, that better generals came from civil life. The first count in the indictment fell flat, for it was shown that despite the Academy's having been for years dominated by Southern War Secretaries, notably Calhoun and Poinsett of South Carolina, Conrad of Louisiana, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, and John B. Floyd of Virginia, many of its Southern graduates stood firmly by their oath, even against their native States. George H. Thomas and John Gibbon were notable instances. The second count was popular for a time, especially among political generals, but one after another, and for one reason or another, Banks, Butler, Fremont, Sigel, Schurz, Schenck, and other Presidential appointments to the highest grade in '61 lost their lucky stars. Defeat and disaster overwhelmed most of them, and little by little only the West Pointer was left in the lead. Terry at Fort Fisher and Logan at Atlanta, it is true, reaped laurels for the layman, but the generalship of the army, after all, was centred in the sons of the national school. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson, Meade, Hancock, J. F. Reynolds, Hooker, and others of their cloth were found to be the only leaders fit to match the skilled fencers of the South, and no sane man to-day questions either the loyalty or the value of West Point

It is not claimed for it that it makes soldiers of every stuff sent to its mill, but rather that it makes the most of what is sent. It is not claimed for it that only its graduates are great soldiers, for many a fine soldier, like Washington, is born, not made. Scott, Worth, Logan, Lawton, Miles, Otis and MacArthur are samples, but Scott and Worth were foremost as West Point upholders, and, fine as they all were, or are, still more skillful would they have been had they, too, been trained at the Point.

What stirred and angered the people and grieved all thoughtful graduates was that of late some few graceless "yearlings," under the cloak of hazing new cadets, had been guilty of downright brutality. The foul deeds of the few have reflected on the many. The Corps itself was quick to see how it had suffered for its own sin and was equally prompt to act. The way of all others to eradicate hazing was to create a sentiment against it among the cadets. They have given their word that it shall stop, and the word of the corps is as good as a Government bond

The methods now proposed by Congress for the Army and for West Point may possibly develop saints, but what we seek are soldiers. Colleges of law, letters, medicine and divinity we have all over the land — each the Alma Mater of alumni famous in their professions — but West Point is our one war school. Shall we make it, too, an Alma Mater, or hold it what it has been — the foster-mother of our fighters — the Arida Nutrix Leonum? —CHARLES KING.

A man who disregards his own convictions and joins a majority just because it is a majority shows little gratitude to the Creator for giving him a mind

Expansion that Pays Dividends

THERE may be different views in regard to United States expansion by force of arms; but there is but one view in regard to the expansion that comes through manufactures and business. Trade has its victories no less renowned than war

Day by day, from some ever new and unexpected place, the good news comes, in regard to every variety of manufacture, and from every quarter of the globe.

While our armies are fighting in the Philippines, while we are guarding ports and cities in China, while we are holding absolute sway in tropical Porto Rico and in frozen Alaska, while we are dictating to the Cubans what kind of a constitution they must adopt, our manufacturers are more and more widely extending their peaceful sway.

There are numberless examples which might be given, but we need mention but a few of those that have most recently become known. While our soldiers were standing guard at the execution of officials in China, our manufacturers were bidding on locomotives for India. English bidders asked $7349 each for locomotives delivered in Calcutta. American bidders asked $5998 each.

England rules India at immense cost, but to the Indian officials who wanted locomotives that difference of $1351 on each one looked very large, and so the order came to America.

Holland still holds the government of island colonies in the distant East, but when a large quantity of cast-iron pipe was wanted and Americans underbid all others by some twenty-five per cent. it was the Americans who got the order

England is spending money in Africa like water. Millions and millions are thrown in with the aim of controlling the Dark Continent. But Carlyle, if he were alive, would be moved to an unusual burst of saturnine humor by the fact that to Americans went the contracts for the construction of the Uganda bridges.

And from every direction similar stories come. In South America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in Australia — everywhere are our business representatives and everywhere are our manufactured products.

The ocean is white with sails that are visible signs of a great and broad expansion.

And so it is not to be wondered at that there are patriotic Americans who ask why, as a business proposition, even if nothing more, if the commerce of the world is open to us on terms of merit and competition, we should spend monstrous sums of money to gain the right to fly the Stars and Stripes over the Philippines.

It is lucky to be wedded in spring — also in any other season

Sound Sense in College Education

IN THE earlier days of civilized America no man, however acute his intelligence, could become educated without going to college, for education presupposed knowledge of the contents of books, and at that time the only collections of literature were the libraries about which the older colleges were slowly forming. The college course and curriculum were based upon the supposed ability of young men to obtain a given amount of information from textbooks and the college libraries. The system was good, but, like all systems, it outlived its usefulness, for as time went on and books increased in number and variety the student was expected to learn more of each subject on which study had been required, while the number of subjects was not greatly increased; so the result, at the present time, is a four years' course, that makes it easy for the stupid young man and the youth who has been sent to college because he is a nuisance at home, but compels the studious man to waste a year or two in college because the course has been designed, not for those who wish to study, but for those who must. Even if the studious man prepares himself to enter the sophomore class his progress is delayed by his indolent classmates.

Meanwhile, most men who go to college to learn something besides football, boating and college songs intend to take a post-graduate course in one of the sciences or professions, a course which implies several more years of study. A single year of a young man's life, and proportionately two, delays the period of entrance into professional life and increases greatly the cost of education. Some of the colleges have met the common demand by permitting professional study to begin with the third year of the academic course, or even with the second; but others have insisted that the entire academic curriculum shall first be mastered A few days ago the president of Princeton, one of the soundest and most exacting of the larger colleges, struck a happy medium by suggesting that such [illegible] for [illegible] to the teaching staff as would enable those who so desire to obtain, in the senior year, an equivalent of one year of professional study of law or medicine, and that those who desire may be allowed to take the bachelor's degree in three years on condition of their taking a correspondingly increased schedule of study.

The practical results of this suggestion, which undoubtedly will be accepted, will be beneficial to the college and its students, for a better class of men will matriculate. The college will become unpopular with the lazy class, compliance with the high academic standard will be maintained, as the reputation of the college will be, and the university graduates, unlike the output of many professional schools, will be scholars as well as professional men — a distinction of high significance. Last but not least, the students will have saved a year of the period in which every young man of any promise longs to be "up and doing." The new Princeton plan deserves the attention of all the greater colleges.

This year's spring bonnet looks as if it had read the advertisements and bought a flower garden and a floral directory for ten cents in two-cent stamps.

Men and Mud Turtles

DOCTOR YERKES, of Harvard University, spent a large part of last summer in observing the formation of habits in the turtle. Habit is a large part of life not only with human beings but with reptiles. The turtle has generally been accounted a sluggish creature. Doctor Yerkes wanted to find out how quickly the turtle could learn anything. So he arranged a box with various obstacles between the extreme corners, in one of which was a dark nest. At the end farthest from the nest he placed a turtle. The animal wandered around for thirty-five minutes before finding what it wanted; but after it once knew the route it began to improve on the record. In fact, the fiftieth trip was made in thirty-five seconds. More difficult labyrinths were arranged and the turtle again showed that when once it knew its way it went as straight as possible to its destination. If it got lost it would wander back to the starting point and begin over again. A means was made for it to escape from its imprisonment, and Doctor Yerkes makes this interesting comment "Had the turtle stopped to judge and draw inferences as to the way to escape instead of persistently moving from place to place it would probably be in the pen yet." In another experiment, Doctor Yerkes tells us, the turtle found that it could make time by crawling over the edge of an incline and making a plunge, and afterward it always went in this manner

All these things show that the turtle has some points which the human being might copy with profit. For instance, its way of making its record better with every effort is entirely commendable. Its habit, when lost, of going back to the starting point and beginning over again can be recommended to anybody, young or old, and is sure to lead to success in the end. Its courage in making a plunge and then continuing the particular operation as a saving of time or as a short cut to fortune may smack of speculation; but that is a large part of life anyhow, and so that, too, ought to be useful as an example.

In fact these experiments have given us a higher appreciation of the turtle, and they entitle him to a larger respect than he has hitherto commanded. Now, if Professor Yerkes will only try a few experiments with the diamondback terrapin and determine whether its increased intelligence is worth the extra cost that it imposes upon those who enjoy it, he will render an additional service to science and to all who like to know about the interesting and significant facts of Natural History.

Now comes the season in which every room is a second-story front.

New Blood for Old Spain

THAT Spain is determined to win back by the arts of peace the prestige that she lost by unsuccessful war becomes more and more evident. On the thirtieth of this month there is to be held at Barcelona an exposition that is significant of the new spirit that is entering into the country. On that day an exhibition of Spanish coal is to be opened and it is to continue until the end of June.

The men who planned the exposition seem to be broad minded and advanced, for their ideas are in the line of progressive thought. The purpose of the exhibit is announced to be the exploitation of the coal wealth of the country, and great results are anticipated.

Not only is coal to be shown, but modern patent fuels and waste products are welcome, as well as peat and coke, pitch and tar, and whatever minerals are used in the making of special fuels.

The plan is even more advanced — in fact it could not be more advanced if it were in progressive America — for all possible kinds of tools, machinery and appliances connected with the mining, handling and shipping of coal are to be shown. Stoves, furnaces, hearths and grates also come under the purview of the managers of the scheme

That Spain is the richest country in Europe in minerals has long been known. There are immense deposits of iron ore and of lead, of sulphur, copper and nickel.

Following the impetus given by the development of the coal beds will come a livelier increase in railroad building and in manufactures, and a new Spain promises to rise from the downfall of the old. For centuries Spain has foolishly prided herself on chivalry, romance, punctiliousness and ability to fight. Her stiff pomposity and egotism have made her a laughing-stock, and in war after war she has been terribly beaten.

Many a foolish man has had common sense put into him by a good beating, and after a series of defeats has at length arisen sober minded and more capable. It is often with nations as it is with individual men

The Rise of the New Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

By Frank A. Vanderlip, Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

Mr. Milton E. Ailes, who took the oath of office as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, March 8, 1901

BEGINNING by carrying coal and building fires for Government officials, graduating from this messenger work to a desk, rising by diligence and ability through every grade of classified service, and finally receiving from President McKinley the nomination of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is the record of Mr. Milton E. Ailes.

Mr Ailes was born on a farm in Shelby County, Ohio, thirty-four years ago. His father was a school teacher, who saw to it that his son received a careful education. When, therefore, in 1886, the young man graduated from the High School in Sidney, he was equipped, thanks to his father's supplementary tutelage, with something more than the customary High School knowledge.

His ambition was to get into Government work. He wanted to go to Washington, and that his application might be received with favor he sought the lowliest position in the service.

He did not rest around home, however, waiting for a summons from the Capital. Instead, he plunged into journalism taking charge of a country newspaper. Then he went to Knoxville to help establish a daily newspaper. While there the wheel of Government fortune stopped at his name, and he received notice of his appointment to a position as assistant messenger, at a salary of $720 per year.

This was not a very tempting offer to a youth whose ambitions to achieve had been quickened by the reading of Plutarch's Lives, but Mr. Ailes had his mind made up to sail his ship in Government channels, and he promptly canceled other programs and took the train to Washington.

Comptroller of the Fires and Water-Coolers

He was put to work in the Internal Revenue Bureau and was given a desk in a corridor where he was supposed to sit when not answering bells. He was kept busy. Henry Ward Beecher used to tell how in his early pastorate he swept the church, washed windows, filled the lamps, dusted the pews, and did everything but ring the bell, and the reason he did not perform the latter work was because there was no bell to ring. Mr. Ailes did every kind of messenger labor about the Treasury except run elevators. There were none then to run. Dreaming dreams of mounting to fame, the young student carried coal and kindling up three flights of steps and kept the offices of his superiors warm. In the summer months he varied the program by carrying ice to the water-coolers.

He had been at work at this occupation only a few weeks when his earnest desire to please and his quick intelligence attracted the attention of the Solicitor of Internal Revenue, Mr. Charles Chesley, who rescued the messenger from the corridor, installed him in a corner of his office, and finding that the young man had entered an evening law course in the National University, encouraged him to continue. Fortune had begun to smile on the student messenger, but "with a suspicion of humor in the smile," as Zangwill says. For eighteen months he continued to carry coal and wood and ice and his alert industry won for him the additional duties of clearing stationary washstands and removing office litter.

Then there was an examination for a position as law clerk in the Bureau. Messenger Ailes, when the papers were marked, stood at the head of the list. This gave him a place at $1000 a year in the Miscellaneous Division of the Secretary's office. Here he set to work to master the details of French spoliation claims, questions concerning captured and abandoned property, claims growing out of the Civil War, and the vital issues in immigration affairs. In July, 1890, there was a $1200 vacancy, and Mr. Ailes was promptly selected to fill it. This degree of success did not lead him to relax his efforts. He would arrive at the office long before the scheduled nine A. M., and would remain after hours until his old acquaintances, the messengers and caretakers, came to clean up.

How Mr. Ailes Made His First Legal Ruling

About five o'clock in the evening, one day in the spring of 1891, Secretary Foster received an important telegram from the Collector of Customs in San Francisco. A shipload of Japanese laborers had arrived at that port and some perplexing questions in the Immigration law had prevented them from landing. The Collector, therefore, had wired for instructions, and was awaiting a reply. The matter was urgent and important, and the Secretary of the Treasury hurried a messenger upstairs to the Immigration Division to see if there happened to be a clerk there at that hour, and if so, to have him report at once to the Secretary's office.

Mr. Ailes was at his desk. Opportunity had knocked at his door. His explanation to Secretary Foster as to the duties of the Collector at San Francisco was so clear that he was requested to prepare telegraphic instructions at once.

A few days later Assistant Secretary Nettleton sent for Mr Ailes, complimented him for his work and attention to duty, and said that the Secretary had decided to give him an opportunity to take an examination for a $1600 vacancy.

The ordeal was not an easy one, but Mr. Ailes, in keeping with his steady progress, again stood number one among the aspirants. In this position he served until 1893.

Meanwhile he had been graduated as a B. L. and LL. M from the National University, and had been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. A position requiring varied and accurate knowledge of Treasury operations was open in the Customs Division and Mr. Ailes was detailed to fill it.

When Mr. Scott Wike became Assistant Secretary he asked the retiring Assistant Secretary, Mr Hamlin, to suggest for the office of private secretary the man in the Department having the broadest knowledge of Treasury matters. Mr. Hamlin named Mr. Ailes and the latter was appointed. For four years he served in this capacity.

Secretary Carlisle's method was to give his Assistant Secretaries turn about as Acting Secretary. For three terms of six months each Mr. Ailes served as private secretary to the Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and mastered the details of affairs of national scope.

All this time he was making a thorough study of the history and philosophy of finance. It was his equipment in this line, as well as his invaluable grasp of Treasury functions, that caused his selection under the McKinley Administration as private secretary to the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and which afterward led Secretary Gage to retain him as his private secretary. The position of Assistant Chief of the Customs Division was tendered Mr. Ailes, but he declined it, and later, upon the death of John M. Comstock, he was suggested as his successor, but Mr. Ailes had decided to remain in the Secretary's office, although the position in the Customs Division would have brought a larger salary.

His career is an excellent demonstration of the working principles of Civil Service and a stimulus to every employee of the United States Government.

* * *

Studying Farming on a Salary

THERE has never been a time when educated young men and women looked so eagerly as they do to-day for fresh opportunities of earning a livelihood. Hence, from their point of view, the utmost interest attaches to an experiment about to be undertaken by the Department of Agriculture, which is going to give employment at moderate wages to a considerable number of newly-graduated collegians of both sexes, while equipping them in special branches of knowledge and making them able to earn more money. At the end of two years they will be adopted into the regular classified service of the Government, at good salaries.

This new chance may be expected to attract many ambitious young people to the agricultural colleges in the various States, inasmuch as only graduates of those institutions will be accepted by the Department. It is anxiously desired by the Government to create a corps of thoroughly trained experts in various branches of science relating to farming, gardening and fruit-growing, from which it may draw for talent of that kind whenever it is wanted. At the present time no university or other educational establishment in the country furnishes the equipment required for much of the work that the Department of Agriculture has to do—such work, for example, as the study of soils and of the diseases of plants—and hence the Department is driven to adopt the expedient of instructing young men and women in these branches. Having acquired the rudiments in the agricultural college, they will take a post graduate course under Uncle Sam, paying nothing and receiving wages while learning.

Opportunities for Bright Young Experts

The opening is as attractive as it is exceptional. Fifty young men and women are to be taken on immediately, chosen from newly-graduated classes at the agricultural colleges, and fresh batches of them will be accepted by the Department year after year, to replace those who have passed into the classified service, so that there may always be a corps of students passing through the educational process and preparing for promotion. Each student will bear the dignified title of "scientific aid," and will receive a stipend of forty dollars a month. This sum, it is considered, will furnish a bare but sufficient maintenance, so that nobody will be shut out by reason of lack of means.

The idea originated in the big brain of the clever man who is now doing so much to expand the usefulness of the Department of Agriculture—Secretary James Wilson. Speaking on the subject in conversation the other day, he said:

"Agricultural education is new. It dates back only to 1862, when Congress established the agricultural colleges and to 1887, when the experiment stations were endowed. There is no university in America, or in the world, where graduates of these colleges can go for a post graduate course in order to specialize their training for one or more branches of scientific work. Hence this Department, which is pushing investigation along many lines of research, finds itself embarrassed for lack of available men. We are obliged to train our own men, and, after they have been trained, wealthy institutions and foreign countries take them away from us by offering them salaries much higher than we are permitted by law to pay.

"A great field has been newly opened to young men and women. There is a demand not only by the Department of Agriculture, but in every State in the Union and in every country in the world, for experts trained in these branches of knowledge. Not long ago we sent a young man to Hawaii to teach the people certain matters relating to the art of sugar-making, and now he goes to New Zealand at a salary of $15,000 a year. Wealthy corporations interested in agricultural enterprises will pay almost any price for such services; money is no object if they can secure the skill. Such a concern in South Africa has been asking the Department to find a person to go there and supervise the administration of a vast tract which is to be turned to account for purposes of animal husbandry. It will pay any salary.

"Recently the Japanese Government—that country buys enormous quantities of tobacco from the United States—has taken away from us, at a salary of $6000 a year, our best physiological chemist, who was specially engaged in tobacco research. Not content with that, an attempt from the same quarter was made to deprive us of our next-best expert in the same line. The lost man we have been unable to replace, and it is not surprising that we should have felt compelled to apply to Congress for permission to give higher wages to some of our scientists. Meanwhile, we must educate fresh experts, even though we have to do it at our own expense.

How to Secure a Well-Paid Position

A notable feature of the opportunity here discussed is observable in the fact that the opening is for young women as well as for young men. Some of the agricultural colleges have annexes, where ambitious girls are taught just like the boys, having the same chance to acquire the rudiments of various sciences. These annexes are well attended, and the number of pupils in petticoats is steadily growing. After acquiring the rudiments of chemistry, the girls learn the principles of sanitation, how to compound a ration to feed a human being properly, and other matters of practical usefulness.

Now the method by which the position of "scientific aid" may be secured is simple enough. There is no requirement as to age, except that the applicant must be at least twenty years old; it does not matter how long ago he or she was graduated from an agricultural college. No examination is required; but the applicant must send to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., a sworn statement as to the length of time spent in college, the studies pursued, the special work it is desired to take up and the qualifications for such work, and, finally, a written essay upon some scientific topic. In lieu of the last requirement, articles on scientific subjects, printed over the applicant's own signature, may be submitted. The college course, with degree, counts fifty per cent., special qualifications twenty-five per cent., and the essay or other literature twenty-five per cent.

It is understood that an applicant, on being appointed as a "scientific aid," shall pursue some special branch of scientific research, toward which his tastes incline him. At the end of two years he, or she, will have to pass an examination, and, having got through it satisfactorily (of course, it will be fairly rigid), will be promoted to a place at $1000 or more a year in the classified service. Thenceforth the young man, or woman, will be in line of promotion.

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The Close of the Game Season

In many States this month marks the close of the game season. The times for hunting most birds and animals have been expiring since the first of the year; but the last of April generally winds up the legal privileges of shooting and killing and closes the opportunities until the autumn. This week duck shooting stops along the Chesapeake, and any one who kills a redhead or a canvasback until next November will be arrested and heavily fined. The law is strictly enforced.

For years the most famous wild fowl grounds in the United States were at the head of Chesapeake Bay and along its estuaries. At one time ducks were so plentiful that they could be seen by the tens of thousands, and there is on record in the State of Maryland a contract by the terms of which the slaves who were employed were not to be fed on canvasback duck more than three times a week. They preferred pork. This year one-half of a canvasback duck, in any good restaurant, costs from two to five dollars. The decrease in their number, through the steady and zealous hunting of years, has been so great that the returns for the whole season, with many times more hunters than in the old days, make a total scarcely so large as a week's showing did formerly. Another thing that has lessened the flocks has been the hunting of eggs in the far northern regions where the ducks breed. The canvasback is steadily decreasing, so that before many generations have passed the greatest table luxury of the feathery tribe may be known only as a memory. As it is now, its cost puts it above the reach of ninety nine one-hundredths of the people.

An Expensive Sort of Turtle

Still more remarkable has been the history of the diamondback terrapin. Less than a half century ago John M. Clayton, then Secretary of State, bought them by the cart-load and dumped them in his cellar. For fifty cents the best terrapin could be purchased, and in quantities they sold for much less. During the season which will close on May 1 first-class diamondback terrapin have sold for as much as $100 a dozen, and even at that price the demand was greater than the supply.

Of course there were thousands of dishes of terrapin, supposed to be diamondback, which were made up of the commoner specimens from fresh water, and one of the curious facts of the year has been the sale of terrapin from Illinois in Eastern markets.

In these days of great wealth expense seldom stands in the way when a special dinner is to be given. A cost of $100 a plate is not unknown, and the sum occasionally goes beyond that. In every large city there is a call for the very best that can be secured, regardless of expense. Every year the city of Washington becomes more and more a gastronomic capital. The number of dinners is astonishing, the beauty and extravagance of them exceed anything in that city's history. New York and Chicago spend millions upon fine food, and the people who give splendid feasts are increasing. The competition grows keener, and there is no regard for money so long as the menus are the best that can be provided.

Thus it is that some of our luxuries are swiftly going the way of the buffalo, which once roamed our prairies in countless millions.

Tame Birds of Tame Flavors

It has been suggested that there might be profit in an enterprise which would capture the canvasback ducks and raise them for the millionaire market. But the suggestion ignores the fact that the quality in the canvasback which delights the epicure is the very wildness which puts into its flesh that delicious flavor which can never come in captivity.

Terrapin farming was tried, and there was a little success at first, but it was abandoned as hopeless in the end. When the diamondback is taken from its natural home and placed within a wire fence it learns to call for its meals as regularly as a day laborer, and gradually it loses that quality which makes it valuable when hauled from its home far down in the mud.

There is no question, of course, that both the canvasback and the diamondback, the bird and the reptile, can be bred in captivity, but when they are brought up in this way they will gradually approach the same level as the capon or the ordinary hard-shelled turtle of commerce.

Successful Oyster Gardening

Really good oysters are accounted the third of the necessary luxuries of every fine feast. Their season is also closing. Once there were good oysters all the way from the coast of Maine to Long Island Sound. The people of Massachusetts thought Nature would keep up the supply, and they took them without a thought of the morrow. The morrow came; and now, even in Long Island Sound, most of the oysters are cultivated.

One interesting fact is that the best oysters are those which are cultivated. Oysters to which due care is given respond to attention, and though they may become more expensive they will be better in quality.

A startling illustration of food exhaustion is afforded by the oyster history of the Chesapeake Bay; this section being controlled by Maryland and Virginia. A dozen years ago this great body of water furnished annually about fifteen million bushels of oysters—two-thirds of the country's yield. To-day, with more thorough scraping and dredging, they do not furnish over six million bushels, and the total is decreasing. It is the same old story of depending upon Nature for everything and doing nothing in the way of replenishing the crop.

Game and Game Laws

Of course there are other delicacies which omnivorous man enjoys, such as quail, woodcock, partridge, grouse, pheasant, deer, elk, and the like. In most of the States these have been very thoroughly hunted, and thus has arisen the necessity of stringent game laws, with game wardens to see that they are properly and rigidly enforced. In many of the States the killing of certain birds and animals has been prohibited for the next three or four years, and the season for shooting others has been shortened.

One feature of the new laws is the limitation placed upon the number of birds or animals that one person may kill. For instance, in Pennsylvania no one person is allowed during any one season to kill more than two deer or elk. In New York the number is the same, and under no circumstances, in New York, are fawns allowed to be caught or killed. In Pennsylvania again, for instance, one hunter may kill only two wild turkeys or ten woodcock in any one day. In every State the limitations are steadily becoming more stringent.

The Protection of Game Fish

Wherever it can be done the fish are being protected, especially the game fish, and here again in many of the States not only is the number to be caught limited for every person, but the size of the fish allowed to be caught is distinctly stated in the law.

The finest qualities of fish have been well guarded, and the excellent work of the Government in the various hatcheries in the fishing stations has not only kept the supply up to the usual mark, but in many instances has largely increased it.

The great wonder is that the people of this country do not eat more fish. No country in the world has such fine fish as ours or more of them. We may lack a few of the varieties of Europe and we may call our flounders soles, but taking it all in all the Great Lakes and the two oceans, not to mention the Gulf of Mexico, are full of sustenance for the nation.

So that, while the very excellent luxuries such as the canvasback and the diamondback, may gradually disappear, there will be an evening up of the really useful foods.

Luxury and Simple Living

Then, after all, luxury corrects itself. After too much feasting there is always a reaction to plainer living. After too much terrapin, canvasback and champagne the doctors put their patients upon common food.

Many of those who give the costly feasts sit at the head of the table and eat only a crust of bread, or possibly take some of the soup. Not long ago a banquet which cost the giver thousands of dollars was made memorable by the fact that he presided over the twelve courses and ate nothing during the meal but crackers and milk.

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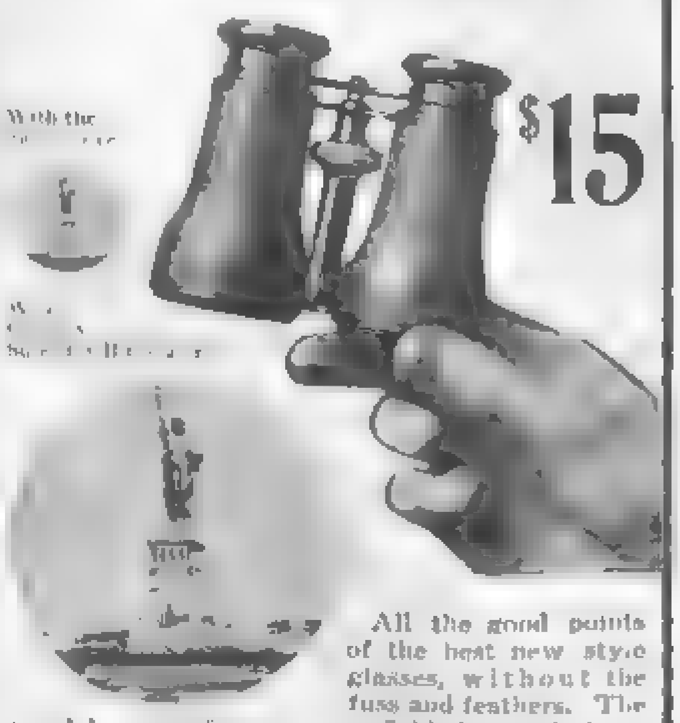
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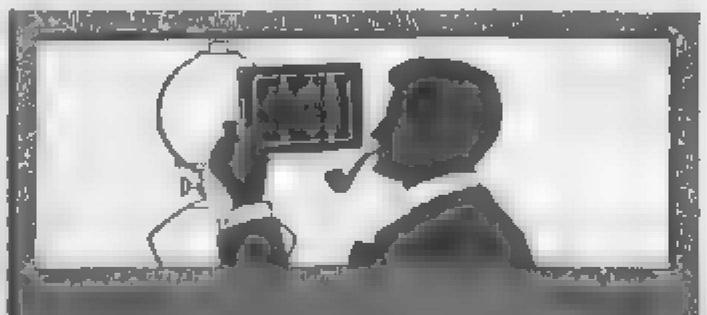
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Men & Women of the Hour

Mr. Harrison's Ruskin Story

Few men of to day can lay claim to having known personally so many leaders of thought in England as can Mr. Frederic Harrison, the famous leader of the Positivists, who recently crossed the ocean to visit America.

A philosopher of the deep-thinking type when engaged upon his favorite ethical subjects, Mr. Harrison is by no means ponderous. His conversational powers make him a charming dinner guest. He remembers the coronation of the Queen, was a friend of Tennyson and of Ruskin, and enjoys the distinction of having been the means of inspiring George Eliot to write Romola

Mr. Harrison recalls how, at one time, when taking luncheon at the home of George Eliot, he listened to what seemed to his younger ears a most interesting bit of conversation between his hostess and Anthony Trollope, who was also a guest. The latter declared that he was in the habit of rising early and working steadily for two hours before breakfast, requiring daily of himself a certain number of words. The hostess regarded her distinguished guest with some envy, and replied that she could write only now and then, as the impulse came; that her efforts were seldom satisfactory, and that she often destroyed the first and even the second draft of a chapter before it was to her liking.

"Ah," replied Anthony Trollope, "that is because your writing is imaginative; you create living characters while I write only about people."

Mr. Harrison relates one of the many incidents which give glimpses of Ruskin's unfailing consideration for his mother and for her religious beliefs. Incidents arising out of this habit of the critic were frequent, for his mother was a strict and staunch Calvinist

Mr. Harrison called at the Ruskin home hoping to be allowed to see the famous collection of Turner paintings then in the possession of his host. To his disappointment, however, the curtains which hung over the pictures to keep the light from them were not drawn for his benefit. The time was spent in a pleasant chat about Tennyson, but Mr Harrison understood that even a visitation from the Queen herself would not have induced Ruskin to uncover his paintings on the Lord's Day, in his mother's home

At a banquet given in his honor by the Union League Club of Chicago, Mr. Harrison declared that he had not witnessed in America a spectacle more inspiring, or one which gave him more delight, than the enthusiasm and patriotism of the school children of Chicago in their assemblage in the Auditorium on Washington's Birthday.

An Italian Palace in Boston

Many rumors have been circulated about the mysterious marble palace in process of erection at an isolated spot on the borders of the Back Bay Fens, in Boston, by Mrs. John L. Gardner

After much speculation, it was stated that Mrs. Gardner was to present the building, with its works of art and antiquities, to the city, as a museum. Great interest was aroused by this report, but Mrs. Gardner promptly made a flat denial of it, thus for the first time breaking her silence in regard to her plans. Now it is suggested that Mrs. Gardner may bequeath the palace and its valuable contents to the city, so that Boston may possess them after her death

Work on the structure is rapidly progressing, but it is endeavored to maintain strict secrecy in regard to every detail. Covered vans transport the furnishings and curios, and even close friends of Mrs. Gardner are not admitted to the treasure house.

It is to be four stories in height, and is built around a cloistered courtyard. One room, which will probably be the art gallery, is about one hundred and fifty feet in length and some fifty feet wide, and is two stories in height

The front of the building is partly of brick and partly of granite. The jambs, mullions, pilasters, columns and capitals are from an ancient palace, of unusual splendor, purchased by Mrs. Gardner in Italy a year or so ago, and many of the fittings and ornaments throughout the building are from places of note in Europe. The architectural design of the Boston palace is understood to be largely a reproduction of Mrs. Gardner's Italian palace.

The cloistered courtyard will have in its centre a fountain which will throw streams of water that, by an Oriental device, will produce beautiful rainbows.

It is expected that some of the rooms will be altogether in old Italian style, and that others will be fitted up in accordance with the designs of Colonial, Continental and other historical periods.

Mrs. Gardner has such an extensive collection of works of art and curios that few houses are large enough to hold all her possessions, and she is carefully culling the rarest specimens from her homes at Brookline and Beverly, and that on Beacon Street

Some time ago Mrs. Gardner secured one of the battle-flags of Napoleon's Army A Frenchman spoke of the "parvenu American's" presumption in seeking to possess such a treasure. Mrs. Gardner, who was a Stuart, and whose genealogy runs back to the old Scottish royal family, is said to have retorted that the house of Stuart is more ancient than that of Bonaparte, and that a Stuart was wooed and won by a French Royal Prince long before the Bonaparte family was known.

At another time, when she purchased the sedan chair of the famous Earl of Clarendon, an Englishman commented adversely in regard to an American's taking it out of the country. The retort by Mrs. Gardner, that if the British owner were willing to sell it she saw no reason why she should not buy it, silenced the critic

Mrs. Gardner is devoting her entire time to superintending the construction of the Boston palace.

Senator Call's Select Audience

There are two ways of looking at anything; and the way a wit of Washington explained a certain lack of audience in the Senate, when a Southern Senator made a speech, was certainly the most delightful way of defining a somewhat chilling incident

It has passed into history that Honorable Wilkinson Call, of Florida, though for three terms a United States Senator and highly honored by his State, did not make a great impression on the Senate as a speaker, and that he thus disappointed all those who have the tradition in their minds that all Southern statesmen are orators

Senator Call, it is said, once arose to make a speech when the Senate Chamber was rather empty. As he spoke, the few members of the Senate who were there filed out to get luncheon. No one remained on the floor to listen to the speech; but the President of the Senate still sat in his place, dignified and calm

The galleries were also rather empty, and the incident became the subject of Washington gossip. At a dinner-party where a Southern politician was a guest it was asked what he thought of the Southern Senator's audience when he made his speech in the Senate that morning

Then came a clever answer, for the Southern man said, with a grave face: "I thought it a very distinguished audience. There was no person there of less rank than the Vice-President of the United States."

A Centre-Rush in Politics

Mr. John Maynard Harlan, who recently attracted wide attention by his gallant fight for the Chicago mayoralty nomination, is one of the most prominent figures in Chicago politics, and is recognised as an enemy of political charlatanism and corruption.

Mr. Harlan is a giant, physically, and a typical athletic college man. As centre-rush for the Princeton football team, Harlan found himself, one Saturday, pitted against Twambly, Yale's centre-rush. During the progress of the game Harlan chanced to make a remark which Twambly, not understanding, sharply resented. After a few angry words Yale's player struck Harlan with his fist. In a second Harlan's mettle was exhibited and the blow which he returned laid the Yale man in the dust. Then explanations were given, and Twambly generously admitted the fault to be his own. It happened that Henry Ward Beecher witnessed the game and the incident and in his sermon the next day he took occasion to praise the manliness of the participants in the unfortunate affair, and to compliment the colleges of the day for turning out men who were men all the way through

Mr. Harlan is a son of Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and a brother of Mr. James S. Harlan, recently appointed Attorney-General of Porto Rico.

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Stories of the Studio

By Vance Thompson

PARIS

AS WE are to take a few short journeys together into this queer world where the Americans who have exiled themselves "for the sake of art" live as best they can, you may not object to a bit of advice which should be rubbed into the hair and hide of every young American cub who wants to come abroad to study art. Now, mark you, there is no art centre in the world comparable with Paris. I except neither Munich nor London. No art education is complete until it has passed through the alembic of the Paris studio. The art atmosphere here is as necessary to a full development as sunlight is to young wheat. But for the preliminary work Paris is not the place for the American lad. There is a certain amount of hack work that has to be got over in every trade. It can be done anywhere. It is done best where it is most easily done. Now in Paris the young cub finds himself handicapped with the language, with different—though no worse—habits of life and thought. All that he has to conquer before he can get down to the business he is here for. Moreover, in these greening years he is not ripe for the artistic culture that the artist who has had some training sucks in with every breath. He is better in his own country. Bouguereau can teach him nothing he can't learn from William M. Chase. There is nothing in Julian's he can't find in the art-schools of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and a dozen other American cities. The ground work is practically the same nowadays the world over. When that is well laid send him over here for a year or so to fatten mind and soul in the galleries, to perfect his technique and create his style; the odds are greater that he will turn out to be an artist. There are exceptions, but it is always a ten-to-one chance that any particular boy—yours or mine—is not that exception.

To Success by Way of the Samovar Road

The American artists of Paris may be divided into three classes—those who have got on, those who hope to get on, and those who want to get in. The successful artists have deserted the Latin Quarter; they lead plethoric lives; their wives are dressed by the fashionable frock builder of the hour; they ride out to state functions in their own carriage and pair. As there are only four of these successful American painters they can get about Paris without jostling each other.

The class of painters who hope to get on is pretty well crowded. They have their studios over in the Latin Quarter. Their pictures are exposed in the Salon now and then. They give exhibitions in their studios. But their chief business in life is to invite each other to tea. This is a way of "Getting on in the World" which the erudite Mr. Mathews has overlooked. Nine out of ten of the American artists here believe that by persistently drinking tea with each other they will arrive at fame and fortune. It is a blind but beautiful faith. And you can't argue about it any more than you can about the plausible theory that two and two make four.

There is hardly an artist—certainly not one married artist—in the Quarter who does not believe in the samovar road to success. Mornings they paint; afternoons, in apartments Byzantine or Empire, Rococo or Florentine, they meet and talk of each other, while their wives brew interminable pots of tea. Sometimes an amateur comes in. Usually he is from the Middle West. Occasionally he is from as far away as Texas. He is given an extra slice of lemon in his tea, for there is a theory that he is the Man who Buys. As yet it is only a theory, but some day he may buy, and the Man who Buys is the beginning of fortune; and it will be due to the tea and the Persian tapestry, to the tea and the Botticellian tea-gowns that madame trails to and fro so indefatigably.

"Life," said a morose philosopher, "is not all fiddle-de-dee;" but he knew nothing of getting on in the art-world of Paris.

The Remark that Even the Tea-Urn Hissed

It was at one of these "samovar afternoons" that Mr. H. O. Tanner, the negro painter, introduced his young wife to the artistic society of the Quarter. Mrs. Tanner is a handsome California woman and also an accomplished musician. She played something—it was an adagio from a Bach concerto. Then she said: "My husband doesn't like classical music."

"No? And what kind of music does he like?"

"Oh, give me something uplifting—Jerusalem, for instance," said Mr. Tanner.

Now, oddly enough, this uplifting Jerusalem was the battle-hymn of the Irish-American lads from Chicago who went over and fought with and for the Boers; so perhaps Mr. Tanner is right. It was left, however, for Mr. C. J. Taylor, the illustrator, to administer the final shock to that æsthetic gathering. He paused in his account of a Long Island barbecue long enough to say:

For my part I don't care much for music—not even bad music."

No one spoke, but in the silence the samovar went on hissing.

The Story of a Good-for-Nothing's Wife

The students are those who want to get in. Two-thirds of them come up from the villages and farms and workshops; they haven't any money to speak of, but they have been bitten by the cobra of art. Since, in almost every part of America, art and Paris are synonyms, they come to the Quarter. Most of them go to the Street of the Dragon. It is a tradition like any other. Just why they should go to Julian's has never been quite clear, for Julian, who used to be a professional wrestler, has never painted one picture of any account. Still, in this school of the Street of the Dragon, which is only one of the Julian factories, you will find one hundred Americans. They learn to draw from the figure, academic drawing. Bouguereau, Laurens, Constant, all stockholders of the institution, pass through the studio now and then, dropping amiable criticisms. And the students, hairy, noisy and industrious, draw, draw, draw. I have a friend over there. I shan't tell you his name because some day he intends to make it famous. He studied for ten years, drawing the figure. He drew it from this side and that, in this pose and the other, until he could have stood on his head and drawn it with a crayon in his right foot. And when he had done this for ten years, M. Bouguereau said to him: "Excellent. You should paint a picture for the Salon." And the artist, who had been living in a garret, with an overcoat for a mattress and a sweater for a blanket, was so encouraged that he immediately married a little American girl, who had been studying for three months at Julian's women's school in the Rue St. Honore. Then he began to paint his "Pharaoh crossing the Red Sea." For six months he made sketches and studies. His tireless little wife posed for Pharaoh and the Israelites, for the swords and the chariots and the horses, for everything except the Red Sea. And he painted in and painted out and tore his long hair—and gave it up.

"I'm not ready to paint yet," he said; "I've got to have more study."

So he went back to the Street of the Dragon, where illusions bloom perpetual; he is there now; he is in his twelfth year; and he is still drawing the figure.

"I can never be a great artist," said his little wife; "anyway, nothing must interfere with his career—so I shan't go to the school any longer."

And she didn't: she went into Paris to look for work. She talked French as though it were a variation of Choctaw, but that didn't seem to make any difference. She found work making fashion plates for the women's journals and she did it so well that she made a great deal of money. And her husband is quite happy, for he never had any rooted antipathy to a bed, clean linen, three meals a day and pocket-money; and then he feels that he is living for his art. She, too, is quite happy. I saw her the other day and she said: "Did you see the drawing Algernon did two weeks ago?"

(His name is not Algernon, but it should be.)

"No," I said.

"It is superb!" cried the little woman, and her eyes shone. "Oh, I was right; nothing must interfere with his career!"

I didn't agree with her; it occurred to me, quite casually, that a hickory-club in the hands of a thick-set, efficient man might quite opportunely interfere with his career. And this is a true studio-story; it lacks

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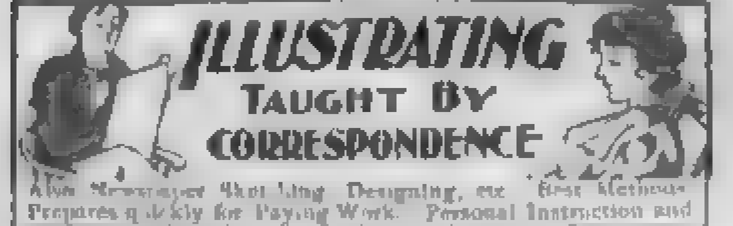

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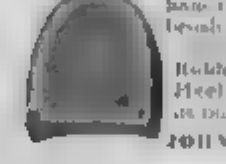

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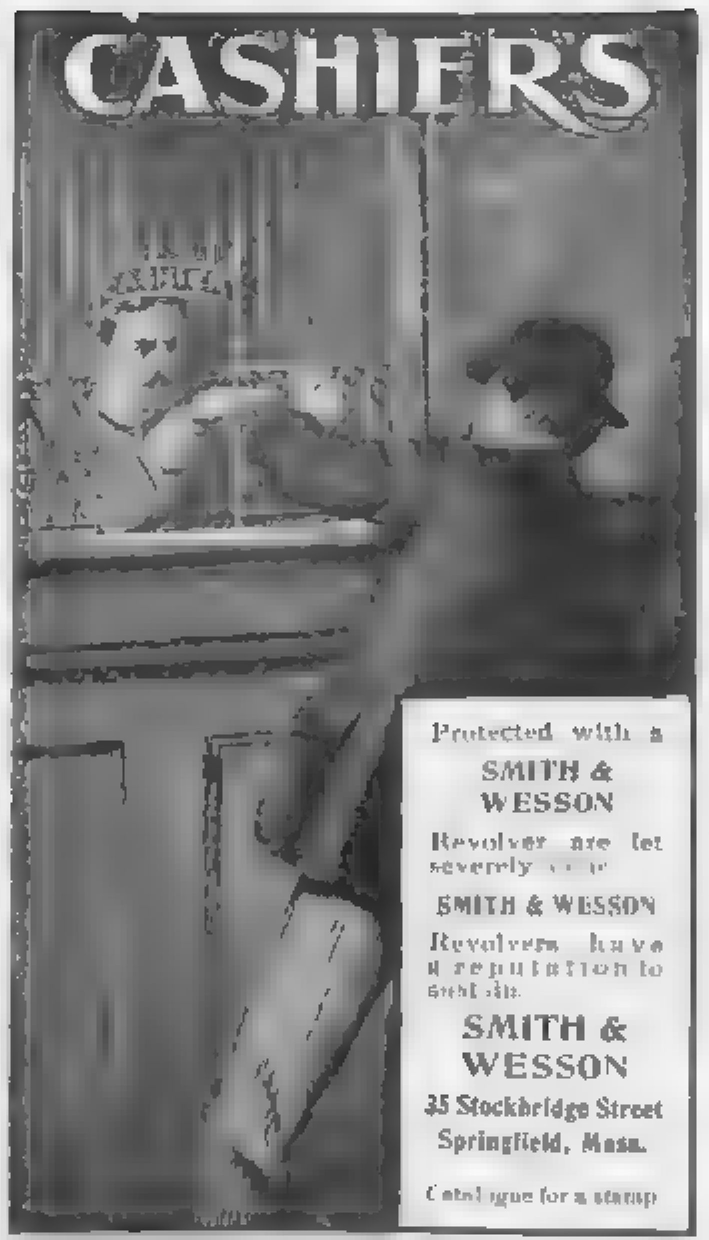

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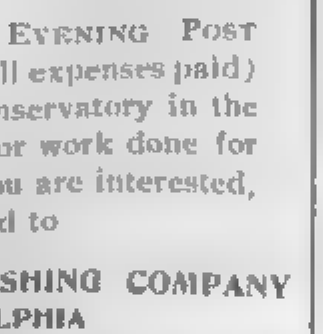

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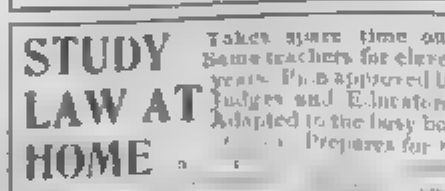

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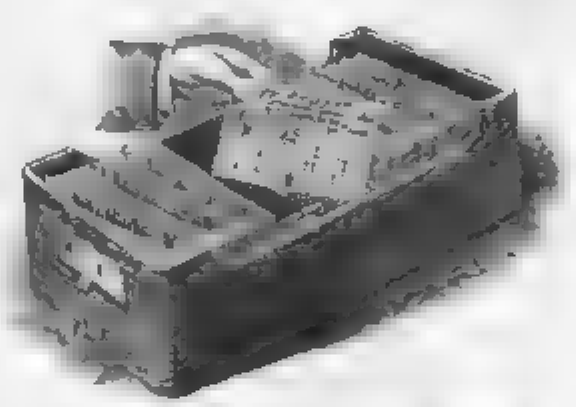

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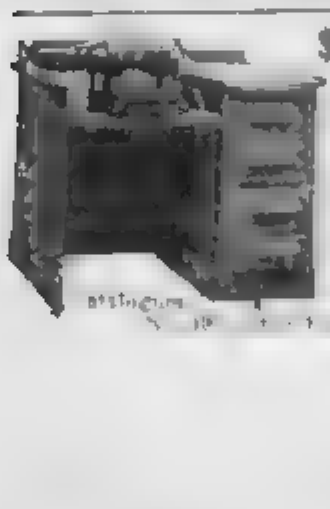

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humor, maybe, but if you think it over you'll find that it has in it the elements of a joke—the grim and eternal joke of a woman who loves a man.

What it Cost to Paint the Great Dentist

It was the little woman who makes fashion-plates who told me the story. She had just finished an extraordinary picture of a dress, inside of which there was supposed to be a woman. She wiped her inky fingers on her red studio-apron and said: "In spite of Algernon's talent he doesn't seem to get on."

"He has only been studying eleven years," I said sympathetically; "what can you expect? Art is long."

"I know," Mrs. Algernon replied, "but it does seem hard—and with his genius, too! Of course you know his great picture, the portrait?"

Did I know this picture of the great American dentist? I had heard Algernon speak of nothing else for a year. It was to have been a full-length portrait, in which the dentist was depicted standing erect, looking with an air of pride and professional interest at a tooth he had just extracted.

"But isn't it finished?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, it was finished months ago," said Mrs. Algernon, "and the dentist thought it was just lovely until Algernon sent him a bill for $200. Was it too much?"

"For a work of art!" I exclaimed with diplomatic vagueness.

"That is just what I said. But the dentist sent the picture back, then Algernon sent it to him again, and the dentist returned it to Algernon, and Algernon returned it to the dentist, until it became perfectly ridiculous. And expensive, too, for we had to pay the messengers. Of course Algernon couldn't be expected to walk from the Latin Quarter to the Boulevard de la Madeleine with a picture of a dentist and a tooth under his arm—he has to think of his career!"

"I should think he did."

"Yes, he is determined to do nothing to let himself down. He is very noble about it, too. He simply hates to have me work, but the moment I proved that his career was at stake he gave in so generously."

"And the portrait?"

"Oh, the dentist has it now. You know Algernon had to sue for his money. We had a terrible time. For weeks Algernon was in an awful state. He would start out of his sleep and grit his teeth and say, 'Ah, that dentist!' in the most awful tone of voice. I could hardly quiet him and it was utterly impossible for him to work. After two months the case came to trial. Algernon has not told you about it? No? Promise me never, never to mention it to him. The judge had called in a picture expert to decide what the portrait was worth. It was Monsieur X——. You don't know him? Oh, what a wretch! He said it was ridiculous. Think of it—*un œuvre ridicule à tous les points de vue!*

"And Algernon and I had to listen to that. It was an awful moment. But afterward Algernon made up his mind that the whole court had been bribed, and I think so, too. For the judge said that though it was an absurd picture the artist ought to be paid something. Doesn't that sound as though he'd been bribed? And the meanness of it! Well, after our lawyer and the dentist's lawyer and the expert had talked for a long time it was agreed that Algernon should be paid sixty dollars for his portrait. But we had to pay half the expenses of the trial, and think what that amounted to! Just sixty-five dollars."

"So it cost Algernon exactly five dollars to paint that—that famous portrait," I suggested.

"Yes, it will take us a long time to get rich at that rate," said the little woman, and she tacked a fresh sheet of paper on her drawing board and began to sketch out another impossible woman in a slim tailor-made gown.

Downstairs in the courtyard I met Algernon himself. He was wearing his famous gray velvet suit and a black necktie big enough for a dog blanket.

"Have you heard about my picture?" he asked, tugging the while at his beard.

"What picture, my friend?" said I.

"The dentist," said Algernon, and he told me all about it and then added darkly: "But he's not done with me yet—I'll take him to the Court of Appeals and if need be to the Supreme Court—and we'll see if he can [illegible]. Art, to live for art—ah, what a life it is!"

And Algernon went gloomily to his café.

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I DO not know who was most nervous on the occasion of the swearing in of Mr. Roosevelt and the new Senators—whether it was the new Vice-President or the new Senators who took the oath. I know that I was as nervous as any one in that chamber, for Robert was one of those sworn in. The new Vice President was red in the face, and the groups of four Senators each, in turn, were red and white alternately. The Vice President had committed the oath to memory and tripped it off even better than Mr Frye could have done, but it was a trying ordeal, with all that vast crowd looking on, which included the President, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and the Diplomatic Corps

When the oaths had all been administered and the crowd had finally gone to the east front for the inaugural of the President, I remained in the Senate gallery almost alone, for the downpour of rain outside made me determine to wait where I was until Robert should come for me

I am glad that I stayed in the gallery for I saw a little ceremony that was rather absurd I saw the adjourning of the new Senate by the new Vice President with one single Senator only in his seat; this was Senator Heitfeld, of Idaho. Mr Roosevelt returned to the Senate Chamber after the outdoor ceremonies were over and mounting to his chair looked around on the empty seats, wondering, no doubt, what he should do with an empty Chamber for there was nothing to adjourn. Promptly Senator Heitfeld arose and moved that the Senate should adjourn until twelve o'clock the next day. With the utmost gravity and with uplifted gavel, the new Vice-President put the question to the empty Chamber and declared the Senate adjourned He had scarcely done so when Senator Kean came in and called out

"Do I understand that you have adjourned the Senate?"

Then they both laughed like a couple of boys over this joke and shook hands.

Robert just here came hurrying in, looking for me, and Senator P—— was with him We three were driven to the Executive stand where we had seats immediately to the right of the little glass house wherein stood the President, the Vice President, Admiral Dewey, General Miles and others.

Of course this was my first inauguration, and I had been prepared to enjoy it to the full, but of all the uncomfortable, cold, sodden performances it was the most so. The troops were soaked, the flags were soaked, and the enthusiasm was soaked likewise Poor little Mr. Moore, of the Weather Bureau, made his appearance on our stand, and he had a hard time of it trying to apologize for the weather. He was so scolded and so bothered that he finally retired to the back of the stand out of sight till the rain was over

I shivered every time I saw those four men inside the little glass house uncover their heads in the biting, sleety air, for they bared their heads every time the colors passed before them, and as the President, Admiral Dewey and General Miles all have their heads in various stages of baldness, I was uneasy for them. It was some comfort to the beholders that the Vice-President had a well covered poll and ran less risk. I was glad when a steaming pitcher of hot coffee was sent over from the White House to these beleaguered people in the reviewing stand

To me the chief interest of the day lay, first in the imperturbable good nature of the crowds, and secondly in the talk with Senator P—— over the last hours of the Fifty-sixth Congress. As we took our places on the bleak stand Senator P—— sank down into his overcoat, and pulling his collar up about his ears said

"This kind of weather is enough to induce one of Depew's famous sneezes."

"I've never heard one of those famous sneezes," said I

"Well," said the Senator, thawing out a bit, "you should hear Depew. He makes a great fuss before he sneezes and nobody knows what is the matter with him, whether he has a spasm or whether he is seized with *rigor mortis*, until it comes. A day or two ago when Bacon was in the midst of one of his most eloquent and fiery periods Depew began his contortions, and finally his remarkable 'a chew!' broke upon the [illegible] the gravity of the Senate [illegible] five minutes."

We laughed at this description of the Senator's, and then I harked back to my original idea of starting him upon the River and Harbor bill

"Did none of you know, Senator P——, that Mr. Carter was going to talk the River and Harbor bill to death?"

"Well," said the Senator, and I knew from the way he began that he was not going to commit himself, "it had been understood that if the opposers to the Cuban-Philippine legislation, which was tacked on to the Army bill, would allow the Army bill to pass unmolested with its attachment, the River and Harbor bill would be allowed to go through

"Well," said I, "some one did not keep faith, that is clear

"Well," said the Senator, "it was the funniest thing this morning when Tom Carter got up on his feet just about daylight and announced that he was going to kill the River and Harbor bill. It was a bombshell. Senators, red-eyed and tired, stood about in twos and threes and whispered 'What does Carter want? What does Carter mean?'"

The Senator chuckled, and I said: "Well, what did he mean, anyway?"

The Senator shook his head and said

"Far be it from me to know or state what Tom Carter wanted, but it was a scene. Carter spoke deliberately, for it was evident that he knew that in order to talk the bill to death he should have to talk till midday, and he proceeded to husband his strength to the utmost. When it got to be eleven o'clock and fifty minutes and Carter was still at the bat and the galleries were filled to overflowing with inaugural visitors, Scott got up and interrupted sarcastically

"'I move that the gentleman from Montana's time be extended.'

"This was too much for the rest of us. Those of us who were not too dead-beat retired to the lobby to guffaw over it."

"Well," said I, "there seems to be no conscience among you Senators."

"Ah, Mrs. Slocum, it is a well known fact that 'none but the looker on ever has any conscience.' I will admit that there is always a good deal of piracy in the Senate There are several Senators who always make it a point to keep an eye upon a fellow Senator who is known to be 'slick.' Let a Senator get a reputation for being clever and adroit and he is always under watch, and when one of these adroit men is on one side of a question and openly presses it, instantly an equally adroit man is put on the other side to head him off and do the watch-dog act, and without ever acknowledging the least distrust they are constantly playing for checkmate. The thing that made it so funny to-day was that everybody was off guard. Tom Carter is adroit, and the Cuban and Philippine amendment was passed and safe and he had nothing to lose. He had his chance

The Senator laughed and shook in his heavy overcoat. He apparently took no thought for the cold downpour of rain all around us nor any heed of the drenched soldiers that were passing before our eyes. He even lost the picturesque salute of Governor Yates to the President Meanwhile there had been a change in the personnel of those who were occupying the glass house with the President. Admiral Dewey, unable to endure the exposure longer, had retired from the stand, and the Vice President had leaned out of the opening in front and seemed to be inviting some one into the stand. It proved to be the veteran General Sickles, who, in full uniform, and leaning on his crutches, was passing the reviewing stand, and who, upon the suggestion of the President and the invitation of the Vice President came into the glass house

I said to Senator P—— as I watched the Vice President:

"What impression did Mr Roosevelt make upon you this morning?

"A very exce[illegible] impr[illegible] the Senator heartily [illegible] know that of course he cannot have the power that Frye did, for although the presiding officer he is neither an officer nor a member of the body. He can only vote when there is a tie, which rarely happens. He cannot be admitted to the caucus, or have any voice in the formation of committees. He does not come to t[illegible] quite so good a parliamentarian as Hobart was when he took the Chair, but he has been studying parliamentary rules for some months and has been mastering the details of the Senate proceedings He has, of course,

Editor's Note – This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

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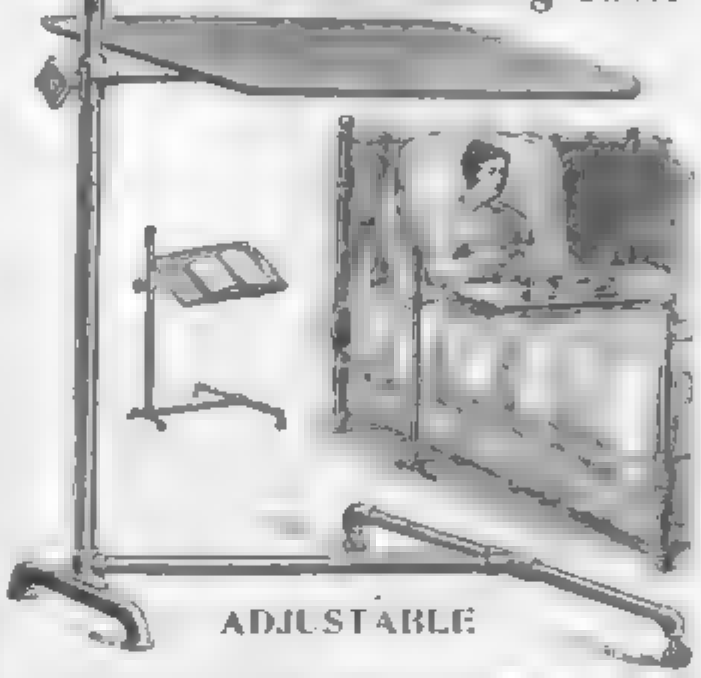

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had to go into the technical parliamentary precedents established since the early days of the Republic, and he will soon have it all at his finger-tips and at the point of his tongue. You must come up to the Senate to-morrow, Mrs. Slocum."

"Yes, I certainly will be in the Senate every day of this short session. It is very clear that the Roosevelts are likely to be the social lions of this Administration. I have enough dinner engagements ahead to meet them to keep me busy all this coming week."

"Well," said the Senator dryly, "I am glad that you have all those dinners to eat and not I. It seems to me that Washington folk, like Apicius, spend all their substance on dinners. You remember, perhaps, Mrs. Slocum, that Apicius was an old gormand who lived in the time of Tiberius and he spent all his fortune for the table, and when he had only eighty thousand pounds left he hanged himself rather than starve on such a pittance; and I am of the opinion that Washington society would hang itself if it had to do without its dinners."

"Yes, I think it would," laughed I. "And that reminds me that I sat next Mr. Tillman the other night at a certain state dinner and he was very funny and entertaining. He told me that he would be glad when the session was over for he was tired of hearing himself talk, and as soon as he could he was going somewhere far away where he could not hear his own voice or that of any other United States Senator. I asked him where that halcyon spot was likely to be, and he said away down South on his plantation. Then he went on to tell me of a wonderful rose garden on that plantation which covers many acres and which is his delight. He says when he's bothered to death and tired out he goes there and works among those roses until his faith in God and man returns to him. I wish some others of our Senators had rose gardens," said I with a sigh.

"As a sort of leaven?" queried the Senator.

"Yes, as a sort of leaven," I replied; then I added: "I have been surprised that so many Senators claim to be farmers, and when Mr. Hale added himself to the bunch the other day it was a little past belief. Now all that Robert can claim of the soil are his tanneries. I'm afraid he'll be a minority, all to himself, in the Senate."

The next day I went up to the Senate, for I wanted to see how Robert looked as a full-fledged Senator. To my surprise the desk which Robert is to occupy and which is almost the least desirable in the whole Chamber, was decked with huge bunches of flowers. I glanced at the desks of other new Senators. All seemed to be decked. I could not wait to know whence Robert's flowers had come. I penciled on my card and sent it in: "Where did you get them?"

Robert's hasty scribble came back to me:

"Tribute from Fagot Voters' League of Spruce City, also from Log Rollers Association."

I turned the card over. I had never heard of the Fagot Voters' League, or of the Log Rollers either. I determined to ask about it.

I fell to observing the new conditions in the Senate. The new presiding officer was ill at ease and had assumed a stern expression, which was most unaccustomed. He was keeping close under his hand the primer of parliamentary procedure, and from time to time the clerk prompted him s[illegible]. Only once did he straggle from the path of procedure and then Mr. Hoar brought him back to the path much as an indulgent father would bring back an erring child. This was when Mr. Hoar moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of executive business. Mr. Roosevelt said promptly:

"Without objection, the Senate will proceed to executive business."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mr. Hoar; "the motion ought first to be put to the Senate."

Mr. Roosevelt hesitated, fingered the gavel nervously, and then the motion was put slowly and carefully. When carried the clerk whispered that he must direct the Sergeant at Arms to clear the galleries for executive session. Instantly the little bells began to jangle all over that end of the Capitol. I arose at once. When I got downstairs I met Robert and Senator P——.

"Robert," I said, "who and what are the Fagot Voters and Log Rollers of Spruce City?"

The two men shot quick glances at one another. Robert looked nettled. There was a pause and I felt mystified. Senator P—— began to laugh and Robert echoed him rather feebly, I thought. Then suddenly they both said they were in a hurry, and I found myself puzzled and blank, alone in the marble corridor.

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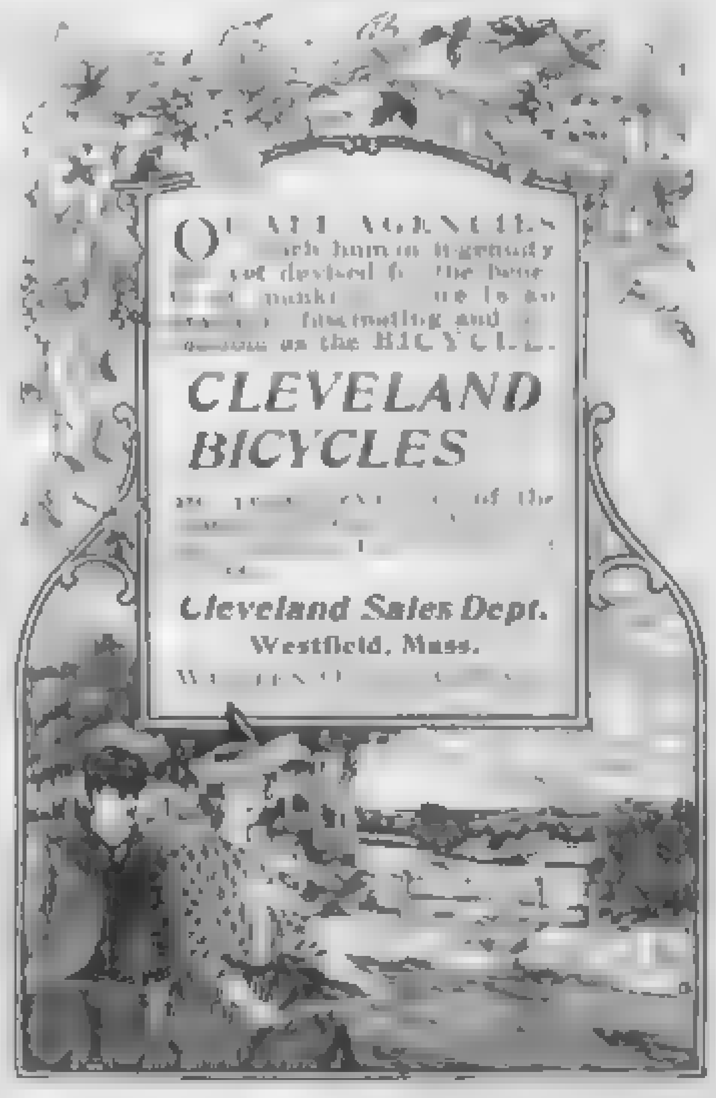

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The Personal Appearance of Great Men

By William Mathews

ONE of the natural instincts of men is that curiosity which all feel regarding the personal appearance of those persons who have stood mentally high above their fellows. Whenever we read or hear of a great man, and especially when we are familiar with his history, we unconsciously form a picture of his looks and stature to which the contrast of the actual man is often very disappointing. Often we refuse to substitute the strange, unsatisfying reality for our own fond creation, especially if the great man is found to be a small one—the intellectual giant a physical dwarf. As a rule we overestimate the height and bulk of our heroes, and endow them, if attractive, with superhuman beauty, or, if hateful, with ugly and repulsive looks. It was this feeling which made the people of Yarmouth, England, when Nelson, delicate in body and insignificant in appearance, was passing over the quay to take command of his first ship, exclaim: "Why make that little fellow captain?"

During Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, in 1796, the Italians were greatly surprised at his personal appearance. His short stature, his pale face, the sickly thinness of his frail body, which seemed consumed by the fires of his genius, but was in reality made of muscles of steel, seized the imagination of the people by the contrast they presented to his dazzling feats of arms. It was a novel and startling experience to find that direct and penetrating glance, that abrupt, imperious gesture, that laconic speech and peremptory and absolute tone—all which bespoke the man born to command—associated with such a dwarfish and attenuated frame.

Giants in Body as Well as in Brain

When a man of extraordinary intellectual and moral ability is endowed with a giant body; when great power of thought, ability to govern, or magnetic eloquence is encased in a powerful frame—the union gives, as we all know, a commanding influence. Constantine, at the head of his army, or on the throne erected for him at the great Ecumenical Council, at Nice; Charlemagne, the son of a giantess, towering above all his courtiers, with a high dome of a head, eyes large and sparkling, and genius to fuse and mould the heterogeneous chaotic elements of Europe into a great empire; William the Conqueror, a man of great stature and fullness of person, majestic in appearance whether standing or sitting; Peter the Great, founder of civilized Russia; and George Washington, commander of our Revolutionary Army—all these men satisfied that instinct which loves to see an imposing appearance associated with intellectual power and official authority.

Among Americans in whom greatness of body has been linked with greatness of mind were Doctor Mason and Doctor Olin, the powerful pulpit orators; General Scott; Jeremiah Mason, in his day the foremost lawyer of New England, who was six feet seven inches in height and well proportioned; and, most remarkable of all, the great lawyer and statesman, Daniel Webster. Few men in the world's history have more deeply impressed their fellows by the union of mental greatness with physical, than this giant of the bar and the Senate. If many other great men have [illegible] their [illegible] person [illegible] appearance—if their comparatively pygmy frames have given the lie to their intellectual pretensions, their souls being physiognomically slandered by their bodies—it was not so with him. Whoever looked upon this son of "the Granite State," with his massive, strongly knit frame, his broad, beetling brows, his deep set, brooding, black eyes and Mirabeau mane of hair," felt instantaneously that an intellectual Titan stood before him. In his voice, his step and his bearing there was a grandeur that took the imagination by storm.

Facts, however, show beyond a doubt that a necessary connection between the size or shape of the body and the strength of the mind is purely imaginary, yet many persist in thinking differently.

Spence in his Anecdotes relates that Alexander Pope, the pygmy poet, was one day with Sir Godfrey Kneller, the celebrated portrait painter, when his neighbor, a Guinea slave-trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the

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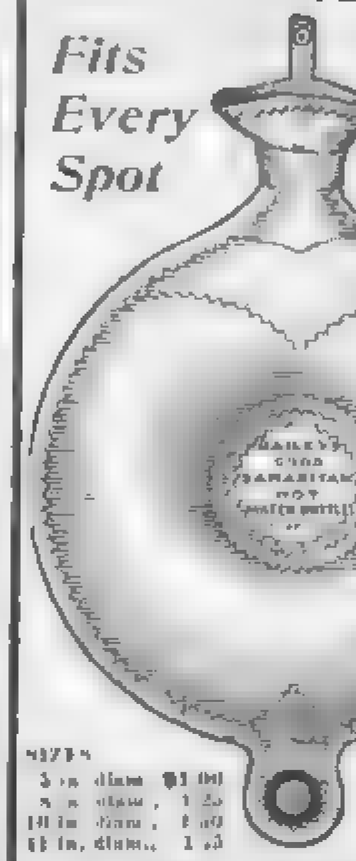

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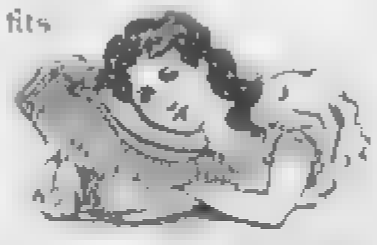

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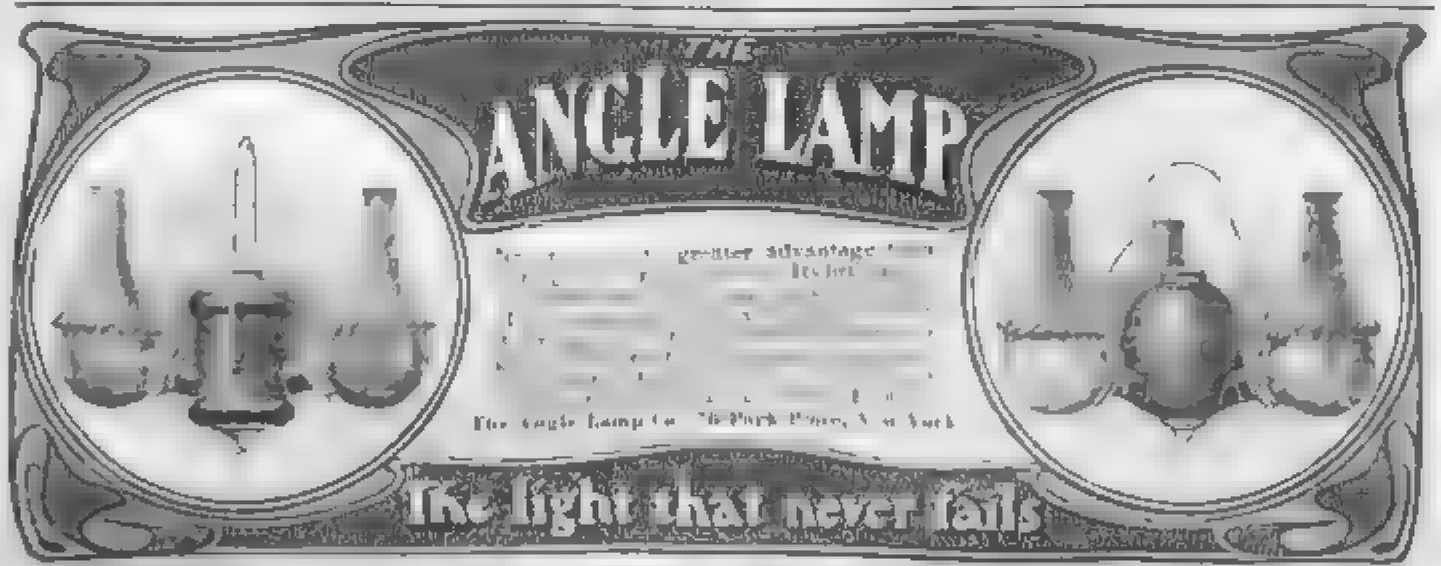

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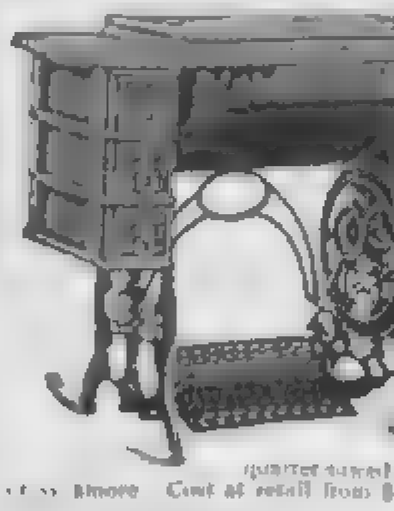

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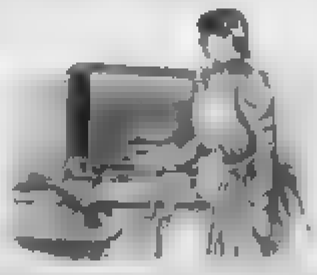

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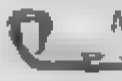

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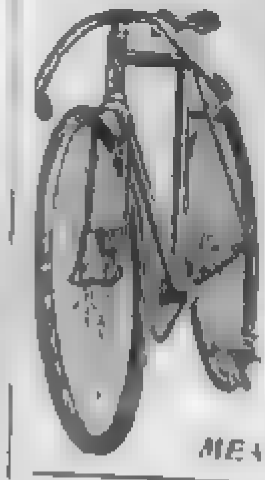

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The capital stock is $500,000, divided into 20,000 shares of a par value of $25.00 each.
Nine-tenths of the entire stock [illegible] the incorporators. One-tenth, or 2000 shares, are offered for public subscription, for a very limited period, at $20.00 per share.
This stock is of the first treasury issue, full paid and non-assessable.
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two greatest men in the world." Kneller, a small man [illegible] very good opinion of himself as well as of his little friend, Pope, and was hardly prepared for the reply: "I don't know how great men you may be, but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

It is a singular fact that, while nothing would seem to be easier than to ascertain the exact size of great men, yet it is really difficult, and often impossible, to do so. How long did "the grand monarch," Louis the Fourteenth, pass for a large man, being described as such by courtiers and historians. Yet the measurement of his skeleton some years after his death revealed that he was under the average size. Napoleon the Third, while on the throne, was depicted as majestic in figure; we now know that he was very short — little more than five feet high!

Indeed, far the larger part of the men who have ruled the world either intellectually or with the sword, have been men of small stature. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher who for two thousand years exercised [illegible] despotic sway over the world of thought, was a slender man with spindle shanks, small eyes and a shrill stammering speech. In the great Council of Nice, consisting of two thousand delegates, the most potent spirit, who, after long and fierce disputes, carried the Council with him, was Athanasius, a man of very small stature — "a dwarf rather than a man," says Dean Stanley, "but of almost angelic beauty of face and expression." In this little body dwelt a mighty soul. Combining subtlety of thought and power of eloquence with resoluteness of will, intensity of conviction and intrepidity of spirit, he fought single-handed and for half a century the great battle of orthodoxy, having "no friend but God and death;" and to-day the creed of Athanasius is substantially the creed of Christendom.

Gregory the Seventh, the mightiest and haughtiest of the Roman pontiffs, who dethroned sovereigns at his will, was a diminutive man; and so were Canute the Great, and the great Condé. Voltaire, the literary autocrat of the eighteenth century and the most brilliant wit of the ages, was one of the puniest and most spectral of human beings. Two of the most potent spirits that directed the storm of the French Revolution, Robespierre and Marat, were far below the average stature. The former, an incarnation of will, who by the sheer force of his intellect swayed the multitude and the National Assembly at his pleasure, was but five feet and two or three inches high, and the latter was less than five feet. Many of the most eminent Frenchmen of the nineteenth century — La Place, Poisson, Fourier, Thiers, Guizot — were small, spare, spiritualized beings, who could distinctly feel their own ribs. Montaigne, the father of essayists; Doctor Watts, the hymnist; the sickly Scarron, who, in reference to his ill-health and insignificant stature, called himself "an abridgment of human miseries," Alexander Pope, who wore three pairs of stockings to plump out his legs to a decent size, and also wore stays; Campbell, the author of Hohenlinden, "a pretty, little, delicate, ladylike, finical gentleman," Thomas De Quincey, the "Opium eater" — were all dwarfish men.

Abbé Galiani's Two Warring Personalities

Suwarrow, the greatest of Russian generals; Frederick the Great; David Garrick, the wonderful actor; and Alexander Hamilton, whom Talleyrand pronounced one of the three greatest men he had ever known, were slender and below the middle height. The [illegible] was in stature of the smallest size, thin as well as low;" and Doctor Kane, who surpassed all his Arctic companions in braving torrid heat and polar cold, was but five feet six in height, and weighed at his best but 135 pounds. But more dwarfish than any of these ghostly beings was that phenomenon of the eighteenth century, the Abbé Galiani of Naples. "Physically," says Marmontel, "the Abbé — who was but four feet and six inches in stature — was the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but upon the shoulders of that harlequin was the head of a Machiavelli." Referring to the frequent and sudden alternations in his conversation, of great, lofty, sublime thoughts, which, Sainte-Beuve says, were worthy of Vico, if not of Plato, with pleasantries, jests and buffooneries, the Abbé said of himself: "You see that I am two different men kneaded together, who, nevertheless, do not entirely occupy the room of one."

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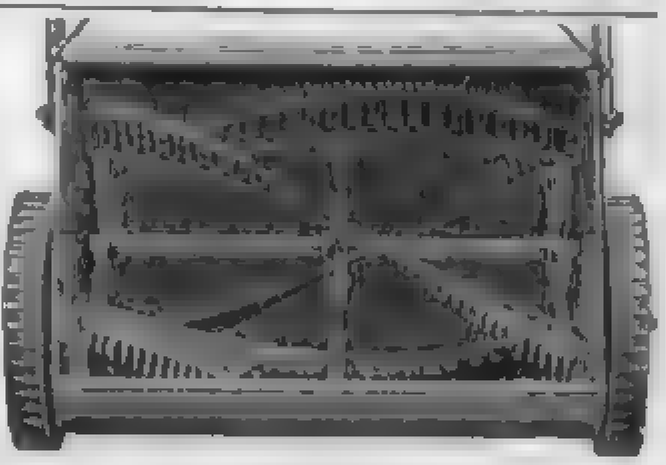

The Finley Lawn Rake

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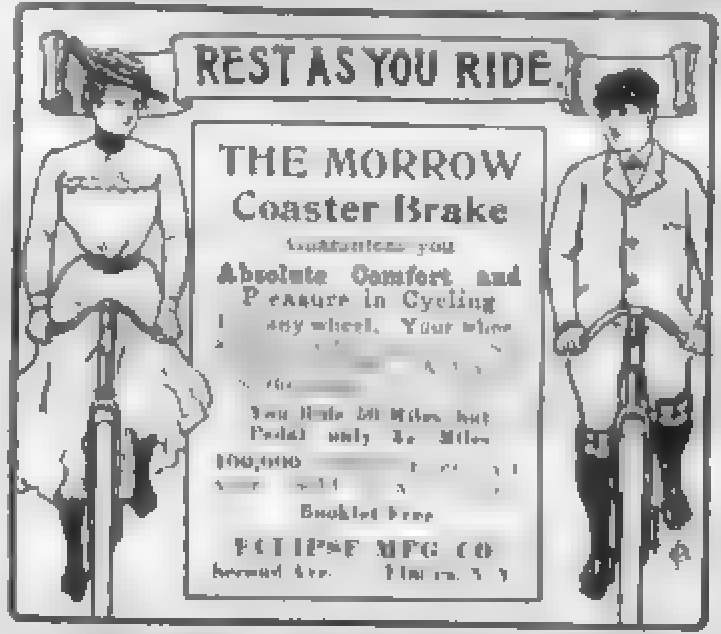
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Their Ways and Their Work

Dr. Conan Doyle on the Boers

One can understand the natural eagerness of author and publisher to put forth Dr. Conan Doyle's history of the South African war (*The Great Boer War: McClure, Phillips & Co.*) in time for last autumn's trade and before a hundred rival volumes should seek for public recognition. In September he made the heading of his twenty-ninth chapter The End of the War. Lord Roberts officially announced that the war was over. Yet a certain Christian de Wet for months upheld a contrary opinion, and in January people fond of exaggeration said that the war was just beginning. That Doctor Doyle finished his book a trifle prematurely is no great reproach to him. Yet it is to some extent unfortunate, because the volume is meant as a history, and not as a narrative of personal adventure, or a series of fragmentary sketches such as many a war correspondent or casual visitor to the front puts forward. Indeed there are not a half dozen places where there would be definite evidence to prove to those who did not already know it that the author had himself been with the army. Readers who look to find the personal adventures of their favorite novelist on the fields of battle will be disappointed. Moreover, those who want stirring anecdotes of personal bravery or any treatment at length of the picturesque and individual side of war will not be satisfied. Doctor Doyle chose to write a military history, and a military history he has written. In so restricting himself, he has unquestionably discarded for the moment some of his most undoubted gifts as a writer. It is hard for the reader to avoid feeling that he has been defrauded of much brilliant description.

Ignorance of the history of the war is more than likely to be the result of having read too much about it in the daily newspapers. The present volume does not pretend to contain much fresh material. It arranges the facts which every one has known and which most persons have already half forgotten, in such shape that the reader can scarcely fail to finish the book without a clear and serviceable knowledge of the war's history. Doctor Doyle is wonderfully plain and concise, and he manages to be always interesting.

The temper in which Doctor Doyle writes history is most mild and fair. He positively delights in acknowledging that at every point the Boer was a worthy antagonist of the Briton. His enthusiasm on this point almost carries him away, for it leads him to say, concerning the period just before the war: "There were few illusions in this country as to the difficulties of a Transvaal war." The conduct of the war would have been very different had either the War Office or the British public shared Doctor Doyle's freedom from illusion. The volume is pleasanter reading for both sides because its author thinks the Boer a gallant fighter.

As a military critic he is humble minded enough. But anything except fairly plain speaking on the mistakes of British generals would be impossible. So Doctor Doyle has his say. He is calm, however, and the word "inexplicable" often serves him when the impulse of most writers would be to choose a stronger one. It is only when he writes of Lord Methuen that he seems to stay his hand and to skim over thin ice. It only remains to add that the book is well indexed, and that when its author brings it up to date by the addition of a fresh volume it will prove a valuable book of reference. —*H. G. Rhodes.*

Mr. Wells' Spade House

Mr. H. G. Wells has been silent for some time, and a recent letter declares that he "hasn't done a stroke of work for months." Instead of building books he has been building a house. Two years ago the doctor sent him off to live on the South Coast. He took a house at Sandgate, of which the drawing-room windows are battered by the spray of the Channel—which his country calls in its pride the English Channel. But he was seized with a desire to live in a house of his own building. So for the last year, on an eminence some fifty yards from the high-tide mark, Spade House has slowly risen, designed by Mr. Wells himself.

As you might expect, Mr. Wells' knowledge of the world as it will be in the future has produced some astonishing mechanical contrivances, and it is his pride that nothing which can be done by machinery is done by hand in his new house.

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The Outcasts

A Tale of the Northwest

(Continued from Page 3)

willow wands which marked the score had been counted before him. Surely they would revel in things dear to the heart of an Indian when the robes were carted to the Hudson Bay Store. The meat was feeling all right in its way when the stomach was lean, but at the Fort at the time of giving up the robes — Waugh! God of the fallen Indians! how they would revel in the fierce fire-water, the glorious fire-water! Even the Squaws, useful at the skinning, would also drink, and reel, and become lower than the animals they had slain to bring about all this saturnalia. Why had his forefathers fought against the Palefaces? Was not all this civilized evil a good thing, after all?

A cloud drifted a frown over the face of the cold moon, and A'tim skulked closer and closer — almost to the very edge of the slaughter-pit. The Indian Pack-Dogs snarled at his presence, and yapped crabbedly. Other gray shadows, less venturesome than the Dog-Wolf, flitted restlessly back and forth in the dim mist of the silent plain.

A'tim sneered to himself maliciously. "To-day is the Kill of the Buffalo," he muttered; "to-morrow you, my Gray Brothers, will give up your lives because of the Death Powder. There will be meat enough for the poisoning; feast to-night, for to-morrow you die, and your pelts will go with those of the Dead Grass-Eaters. If you had not outcasted me, I, who know of this thing, would save you; but to-morrow I shall be far away and care not."

Would the Indians never gorge themselves to sleep? Eagle Shoe's voice was hushed; one by one the feasters stretched themselves upon the silent grass, and slumbered with a heaviness of full content. When the last Squaw, weary of the blood toil, curled beneath her blanket, A'tim crept to the meat piles. All the energy of his rested stomach urged him to the feasting; there was no stint.

Surely no Swift-runner, Dog or Wolf, ever had such a choosing. The Pack-Dogs kept the Wolves at bay, but with A'tim was the scent of their own kind, the Dog scent. He was not an utter stranger to them, only an Outcast; they tolerated him as a beggar at the meat store of which they had more than enough.

At last the hunger pain was all gone. Once in his Train-Dog days he had looted a cache of White Fish, and eaten until he could eat no more; it was like that now. Then, with a Dog thought for the morrow, he stole four huge pieces of choice meat, and cached them in the little coulee where waited Shag.

"Ah! you've come back, Brother," said the Bull, as A'tim crept complacently to his side. "I was afraid something might have happened to you, for hunger often carries us into unknown danger."

"E-u-h-h! but it was a mighty Kill, Shag. Such flesh I've never tasted — never — tasted ——" He was asleep.

"I wonder what makes the moon red," muttered Shag drowsily, as he, too, nodded off to sleep.

Then again the two Outcasts, the one for whom the blood horror had colored the moon red, and the other with a new joy of meat fullness, slumbered together in the little coulee by the Buffalo Pound.

Editor's Note — The Outcasts will be completed in four installments, of which this is the first. This story will be followed by a powerful serial entitled Calumet "K:" A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner. This stirring serial of business life is by Merwin-Webster, joint authors of The Short Line War. Calumet "K" is the designation of an unfinished grain elevator. The story tells how Bannon, the indomitable foreman, overcomes a thousand obstacles created by business enemies who are trying to corner the wheat market.

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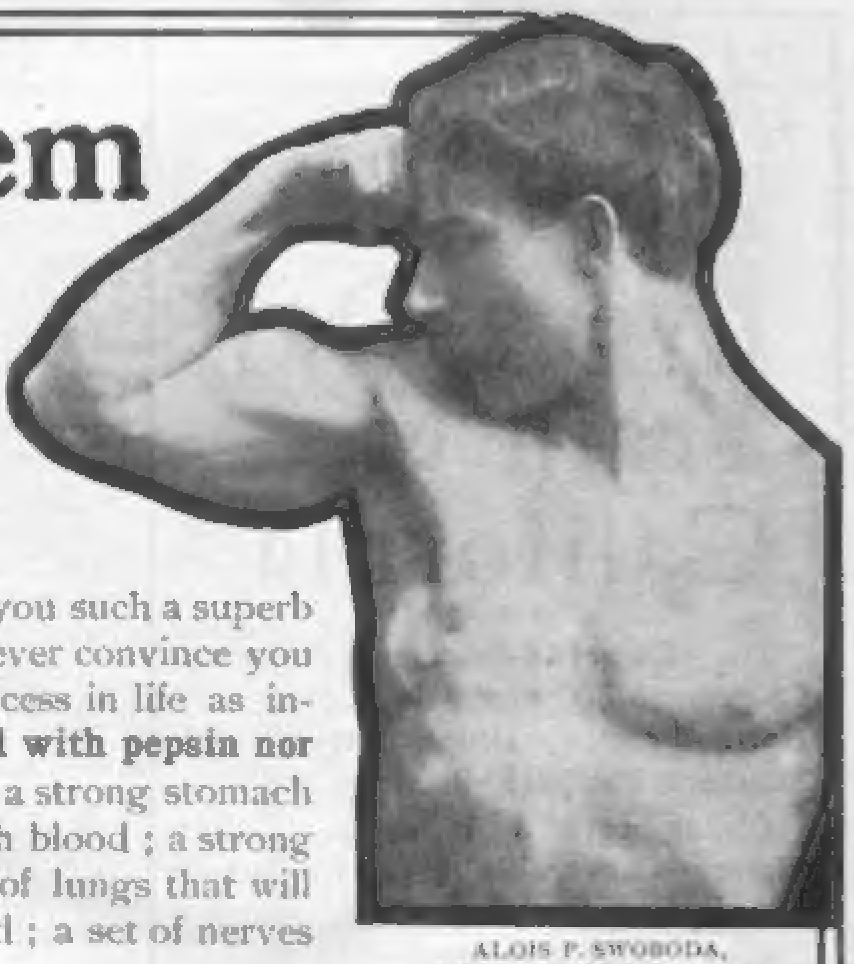

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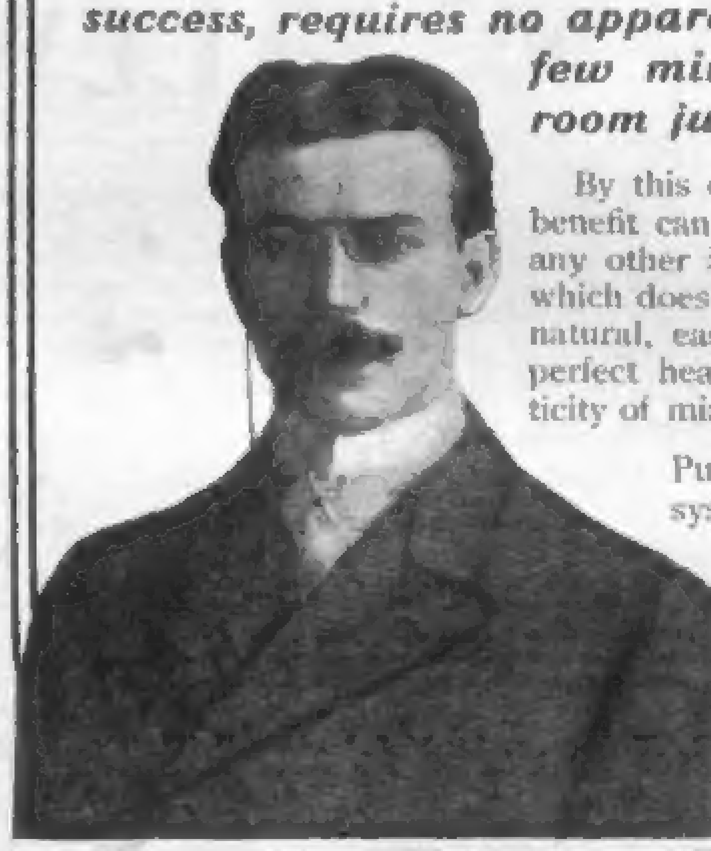

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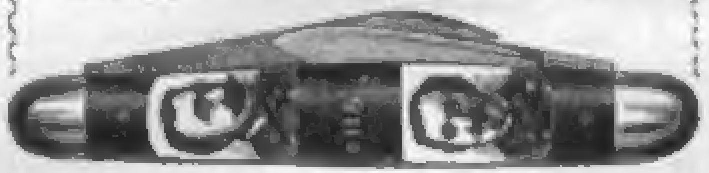

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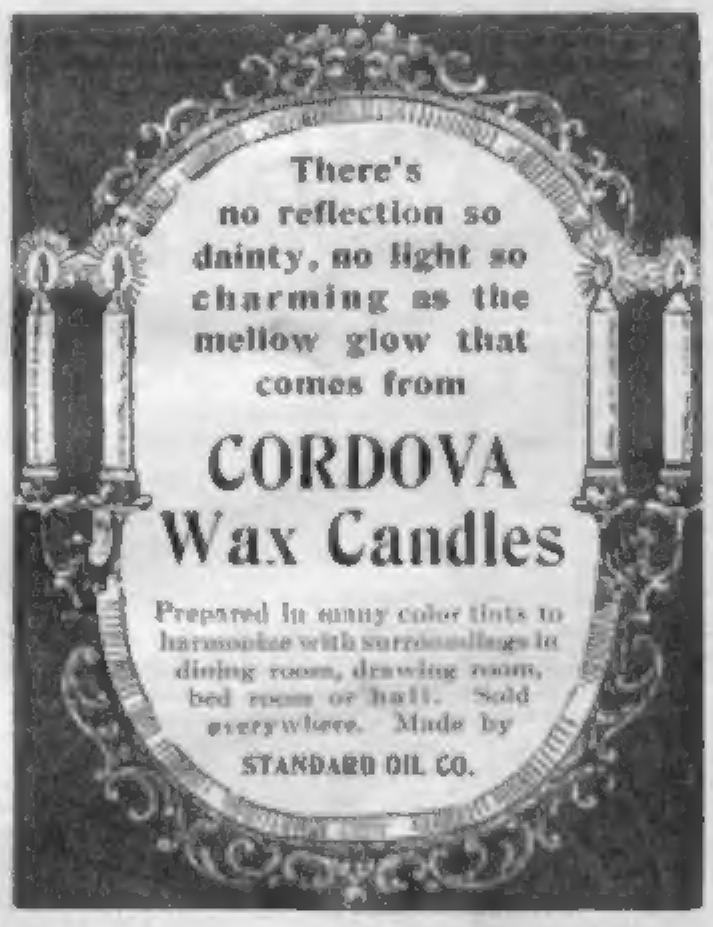

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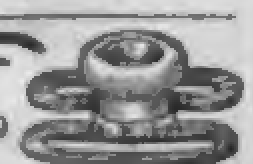

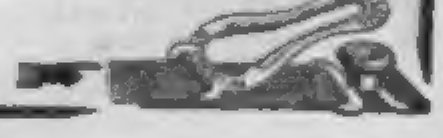

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The Ching-Ling-Chau Concession

(Concluded from Page 7)

"'Oh, he got rid of de man fast enough,' laugh de attaché. 'It was a likely story, when de fellow could not refer to a person who could identify him but his wife, and he did not know where she was.'

"'So,' I say.

"I know that de next would be de newspapers. Mind you, de English ones, of course.

"Well, that is de time when de story went out through Reuter and all de news agencies. But there are so many stories. And de world read that and perhaps wondered a liddle and then passed it. Oh, when de world have made up its mind to one thing, it is so much too lazy to change it, and de world have made up its mind that George Elbers was killed. So it all was when de person claiming to be de dead man again appears in de bank.

"'So!' I eggsclaim as I see him. 'I say to you that you would come back.'

"'There is only one thing that would make me,' he answer. 'You must help me to find my wife.'

"'Your wife! What do I know of your wife, I told you?'

"'Look here,' he say, 'I am a desperate man and you had better help me. You have almost succeeded in making me believe that I am not myself,' he continued. 'But she will know me, and I must find her.'

"'My man,' I say, 'you become insane. This delirium is affecting your whole mind. Now take de money that I offer you and settle down some place quiet and you will perhaps be all well.'

"'I tell you,' he reply, 'that I will not take your bribe.'

"'Then,' say I, 'then must I call de porter to put you out.'

"'You will?' say de man, starting forward. 'You villain——'

"And now comes de strange part.

"Just then, as I have some doubts as to what will happen next, I hear de sound of voices outside de door. De man he stops suddenly as he comes forward, and listens. Then he turns quickly and throws open de door. I look out, and what do you think? There stood that Mrs. George Elbers with de porter holding her by de arm.

"'George!' she cry, and she break away from de porter and is in de arms of de man.

"'Oh!' she cry, looking up. 'You have come back! Oh, I felt you would! I waited and waited, and then they sent me back to Germany. Then I saw that in de newspapers, and, though every one said it was not true, I knew it was. And I came—and'—she cried and laughed hysterically—'here you are!'

"'But wait,' I eggsclaim. 'What do you do? This is not the George Elbers who was killed in Quangwang. No one recognizes this one. You must be mistaken.'

"'Do you think,' she eggsclaims with pride, throwing up her head, 'that I do not know my own husband?'

"'You will claim it is he?' I said in tones of surprise.

"'Of course I will,' she says.

"'But,' I continue, 'there is t'irty t'ousand taels for de widow of George Elbers—now, if you say George Elbers live——'

"'Do you think I want that money?' she cry.

"'Well, no,' I say; 'perhaps not. But I tell you. There is nothing in this, but it might make trouble, and from my own pocket I will give you sixty t'ousand taels if you will go away, you two, and that is the end of it.'

"'Oh!' she cry, 'we will go. Do not be afraid of that. But we will not take your money. Come,' she cry to that man, 'we will go away from this country and in some liddle place at home we can be happy—for you will promise me that you will give up this missionary work.'

"'Darling,' he say, 'I have been parted from you once and I cannot be again.'

"Then they went through de door and that is de last I ever see of them. Oh, I have not let them altogether from sight be lost, and I know that they live quiet and happy in a liddle place—Barwalde-in-der-Newmark. But have you ever known a story like that, for de young woman to recognize for her husband that man?—when, as was well known, George Elbers was killed with de natives and all de native converts?"

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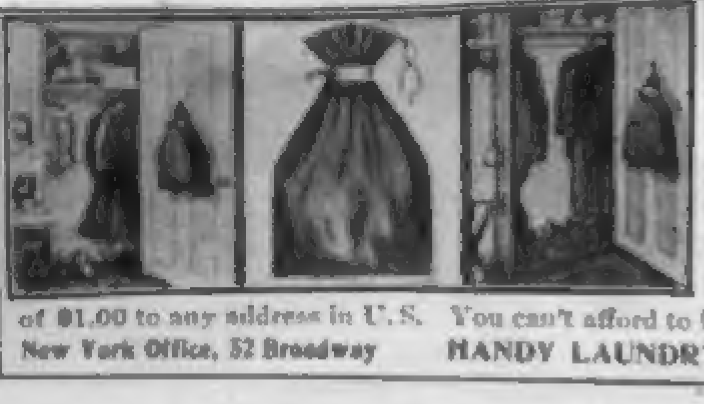

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Here was a lecture that had wrought upon the very souls of great audiences; there an after-dinner speech, which "between the lines" was freighted with the destinies of nations. Here was an eulogy expressing in few but virile words the love, the honor and the tears of millions, and there an address pregnant with the fruits of a strenuous life's work. Or perchance, a reminiscence, keen, scintillant repartee, or a story, potent in significance, and aflame with human interest. Matter there was in abundance, for English speaking peoples are eloquent, but **the best—only the best, only the great, the brilliant, the worthy to endure,** has been the guiding rule of Mr. Reed and his colleagues. Their editorial labors have been immense.

While libraries and musty files were being delved into in a hundred places—while famous men were putting into manuscript their brain children—while reminiscence, repartee, and story were being reduced to type, and speeches, addresses and lectures, which money could not buy, were in friendship's name being offered, Mr. Reed was preparing for this work, his most ambitious contribution to literature—his *pièce de résistance*—**"The Influence and the History of Oratory."** Prof. Lorenzo Sears, beloved and honored in many lands for his critical and contributary work in literature, was writing **"The History of After-dinner Speaking."** So with Champ Clark, Edward Everett Hale, Senator Dolliver and Hamilton Wright Mabie—each was producing a special contribution, which of itself is a gem of thought, a monument to research, study and observant experience.

Whatever the viewpoint, this work is without precedent. It has no predecessor, no competitor. Speeches that have been flashed across continents, lectures that have been repeated over and over again to never-tiring audiences (but never published), addresses that have made famous the man, the time and the place—these are brought together for the first time, and with them a large number of the wittiest sayings of the wittiest men of the nineteenth century.

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"MODERN ELOQUENCE" is sumptuously published, but moderately priced. To properly present this eclectic library, Portfolios comprising Table of Contents, fine photogravures, chromatic plates, sample pages and other interesting material, have been prepared. One of these Portfolios, with full particulars regarding bindings, prices, terms, etc., will be mailed on application.

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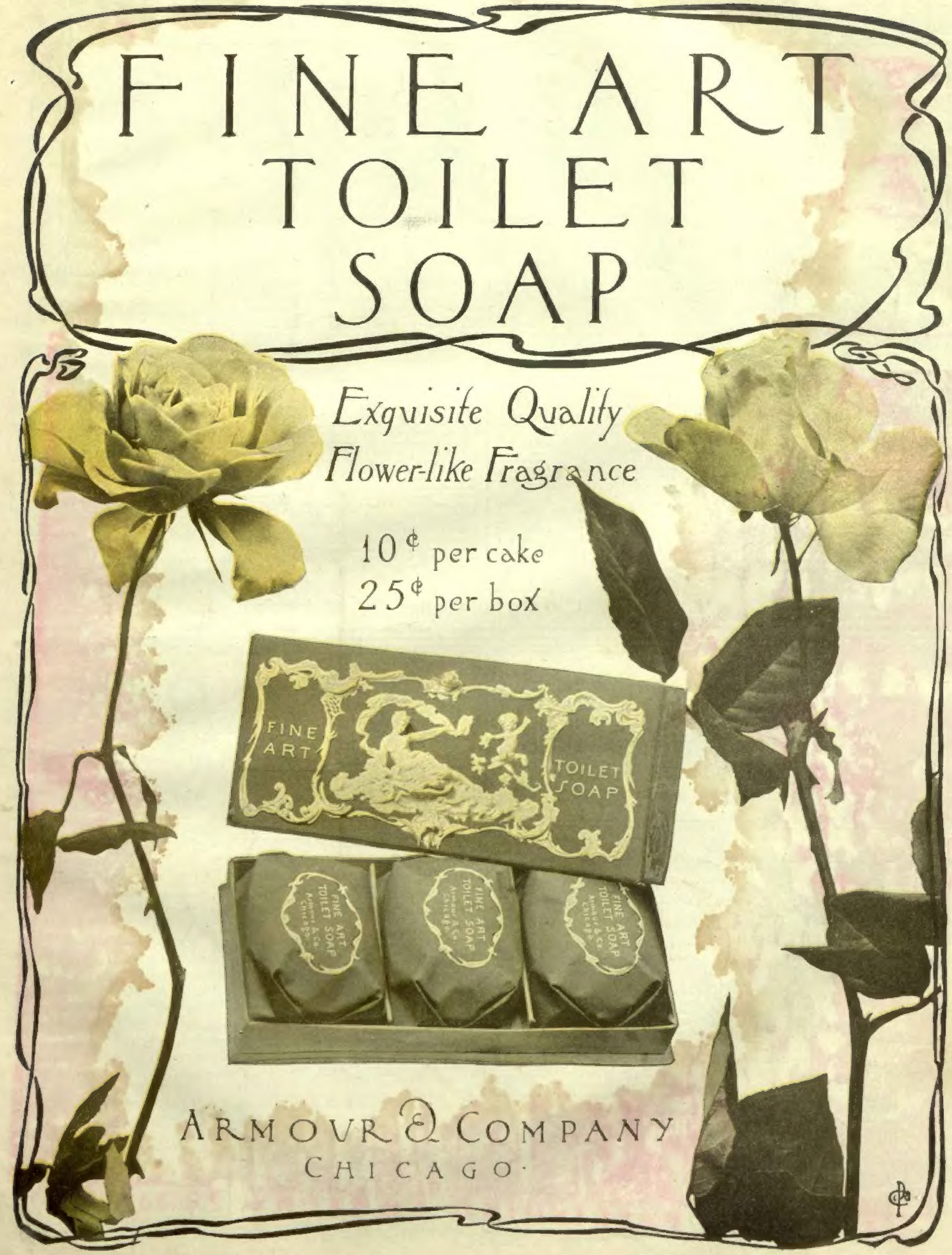
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